



2/-

REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXXVI and BYSTANDER London
No. 3414 October 15, 1947

Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR

VI94

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

Cephos
REGD.
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

The Safe Remedy

Sold everywhere
tablets or powders
1/3 & 3/- incl. tax

FOR COLDS AND INFLUENZA

*Grant's
Scotch
Whisky*

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

First House in the first
shopping street of Europe

Finnigans
OF BOND STREET

LONDON • MANCHESTER • CAMBERLEY • TRURO

**SANDERSON
WALLPAPERS
and FABRICS**

52-53 Berners St., London, W.1; 6 & 7 Newton Terrace, Glasgow, G.3

The original

PRUHT
COCKTAIL

RICH APERITIF

RAWLINGS & SONS (LONDON) LTD

**HIGHLAND
QUEEN**

Grand Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY



MACDONALD & MUIR LTD
LEITH • SCOTLAND

Bulmer's

MADE BY THE SAME
PROCESS AS CHAMPAGNE

POMAGNE

Champagne Cider de Luxe



DORVILLE

Trim top-notcher in grey flannel by Dorville, with minuscule waist and padded hips; obtainable at most fine stores



Perfection in Workmanship

Smart calf bag with attractive clasp, lined suede, special attention being given to the finish and fittings, two slit pockets one with gusset and lightning fastener, double change purse, mirror leather backed and note case. In black, brown and navy. Size 13 ins. x 7½ ins., base 3 ins. **£23 . 3 . 9**

Handbags—Ground Floor

Debenham & Freebody

LANGHAM 4444

WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1

(Debenhams Ltd)



HÉLÈNE

The foundations of tomorrow's beauty are laid tonight and no amount of last-minute treatment can disguise a neglected skin. By following the Hélène simple routine before going to bed tonight, you can be sure of a clean, healthy skin tomorrow. First remove all traces of make-up with Hélène Cleansing Cream, using upward strokes with a pad of cotton wool and paying particular attention to the corners round the nose and mouth. Then smooth in Hélène Skin Food and leave it to rejuvenate your tissues while you sleep.

Your hands, too, need care to keep them lovely. After washing them in warm, soapy water, rub in some Hélène Hand Cream until all the rich protein fat has been absorbed into the skin and tomorrow will well repay you for the trouble you take tonight.



HELÈNE CLEANSING CREAM Per Jar 6'9 and 12'9 Postage 8d. each

HELÈNE SKIN FOOD Per Jar 6'9 and 12'9 Postage 8d. each

HELÈNE HAND CREAM Per Bottle 5' and 7'6 Postage 8d. each

Perfumery, Ground Floor

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

THE TATLER and BYSTANDER

LONDON
OCTOBER 15, 1947

Two Shillings
Vol. CLXXXVI. No. 2414



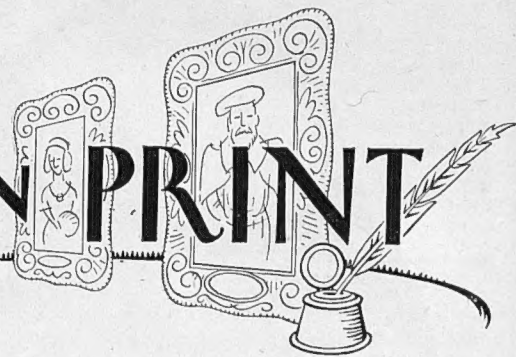
Baron

MOIRA SHEARER

The beautiful auburn-haired young ballerina from the Sadler's Wells company, Moira Shearer, is now dancing and playing a leading part in the new Michael Powell, Emeric Pressburger film *The Red Shoes*. It is based on the fairy story by Hans Andersen and is in Technicolor. Anton Walbrook stars in the film, and both Massine and Robert Helpmann have important parts, the latter partnering Moira Shearer in a ballet scene. Esmond Knight and Marius Goring are also in the cast



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



Actualities

WE might as well face the palatable fact that this country is not wholly without its friends; and that among these may be placed erudite Mr. Lewis Douglas, U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and one-time Principal of Canada's McGill University.

This man of goodwill was speaking, within our hearing, to former McGill men and graduates of other Canadian universities and we were sensibly impressed by his grasp of world matters in general and those concerning Britain in particular. His voice is soft and his manner most gentle; yet the exterior of the man is that of a chunky athlete, and one who (we would lay a shade of odds) was—and may still be—a capable boxer, for his features have a classically battered air which sharp brown eyes in nowise lessen. What Mr. Douglas said (it was on the eve of his departure for America at his President's behest) was not for reporting; but we break no confidence in stating that it lightened our heart and put good, hopeful blood pumping strongly through that now somewhat worn old organ.

We were taken by the hand to this gathering by another friend of these islands, Matthew Halton. Into his balding head are packed many facts relative to the state of the nation, and these he daily interprets, by radio, to all Canadians who care to listen. He does so fairly and with that rich turn of phrase and felicity of expression which once caused him to term Mr. Churchill, "Old Greatheart."

For these and some others, let us now give thanks, for an attribute of greatness is the ability to recognize, and appreciate, friends. Hereabouts this great nation does by no manner of means fail.

* * *

A PIECE of correspondence: Dear Sir (to the Editor): Mr. Leslie Banks, in Self-Profile in your issue of September 17, tells us he was at Trinity College, Glenalmond (which is in Perthshire), before going to Oxford. Your introduction to Self-Profile states that Mr. Banks received his early education at Hoylake, Cheshire, before going to Oxford. Whom are we to believe?

Mr. Banks, by the way, says he made his first professional stage appearance at Brechin, and the Bishop of Brechin was in the audience. Quite a coincidence! The respected Diocesan of that time must have been holidaying in the almost Presbyterian stronghold of Brechin, from which town his pre-Reformation title derives. He certainly did not live there; his Episcopal and only residence was at Broughty Ferry (where it is today) a fair step from Brechin in the days of the young Mr. Banks, whose antics, we are told, convulsed the gaitered ecclesiastic. Yours sincerely, A Cynical Reader.

From Mr. Leslie Banks: Dear Cynical Reader: (Why cynical? Do you mean that you are cynical by nature, or that my very amateur effort has soured you? Surely not. Wouldn't contemptuous have been a better word for so fleeting an emotion?)

My father, who never believed in doing anything by halves, took the precaution of sending me to a preparatory school (The Leas, Hoylake) so that, when I got to my public school (Glenalmond), I shouldn't seem entirely half-witted. Surely you could have worked that one out!

Now for the Brechin "coincidence." The Bishop had by that time been elected Primus of the Episcopal Church in Scotland and could well have been as far from his official residence as Brechin. He, by the way, wasn't in the least cynical. He was a wonderful man—simple enough to enjoy my "antics" notwithstanding his silk stockings and buckled shoes (not gaiters in the evening, please Mr. C. R.).

In fact, when he was quite an old gentleman—and had retired to the south—it was he who reminded me of how he fell out of his chair at Huntly—or was it Banff?

No, confound it, I stick to my guns. It was Brechin. Yours, Leslie Banks.

* * *

OUR favourite aunt was staying in Dublin not long since on a matter of business. Among other affairs she wished to arrange for the words "Attention please!" to

be printed in Erse over certain Irish magazine advertisements for which she was responsible. Suspecting that the printers might be foxed by the request, she asked the hotel management if they could assist by writing the words out clearly for her.

A fluttering discussion in the reception office revealed that nobody on the staff would admit to the necessary erudition. "You might try your bank, madam," suggested the hall porter. "It's crammed w' book learnin' they are in all those fine offices."

But the chief cashier was unhelpful. "This is an Ulster Bank, dear lady. We have no occasion to acquaint ourselves with tongues other than our own. You could of course try the post office. Civil Servants, I understand, are supposed officially to be linguists."

The girl at the stamp counter was amiable, but in no position to give active assistance.

"Would you ask Miss O'Gorman at the telegrams, now?" she said. "It's a strange request for sure, but she might just be knowing, for she does a deal of reading herself."

Miss O'Gorman, it seemed, would be delighted to help. "Young Micky Callahan is the boy to tell you that. He's over at the parcels, and he'll have it all off pat, for he only left school a year or two back."

Master Callahan however admitted a certain ignorance. But not defeat. He had with him a colleague, a still smaller cherub, even more recently flushed with education. The two children put their heads together in a ten-minute conference. Finally they emerged triumphant. "We can't do quite what you want, Miss," they said. "But we could write 'Pay attention'—that's what the schoolmistress was always blathering at us. Would that serve you, now?"

* * *

FRONT of the house managers, those immaculate fellows who bid us a suave "good evening"—sometimes—in the foyers of theatres, have a standard method for dealing with the occasional unruly client. Should a customer arrive, as happened recently, in a garrulously happy state, accompanied by a blonde of uncertain antecedents, he is the immediate subject of a "high-sign" between the commissionaire and the manager.

On this occasion the routine went according to the well established plan.

On the production of the tickets the manager became by even stages puzzled, worried and finally apologetic.

"I'm extremely sorry, sir," he explained, "but the agency has made a most unfortunate mistake. These seats have been duplicated—the house is full. Please accept my profound regrets and allow me to refund your money."

This worked, as usual, admirably, and the incident had been forgotten in the normal

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Well, I wonder how the old trout's enjoying Scotland?"

FOR YOUR FRIENDS ABROAD

Here at home would-be readers of **THE TATLER** may meet with difficulties in placing their order; but **THE TATLER** is also an export. Your friends overseas can be supplied without delay. What better Christmas Gift? Subscription rates on application to: The Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

routine until the following week, when the manager perceived with deep misgiving that the signal he was receiving from his doorman related to the same playgoer in the same condition as before, albeit accompanied by a different blonde.

Gallantly he sailed into action. "I'm extremely sorry, sir," he began, "but it appears that a foolish mistake has been made with these tickets. . . ."

"Just as I thought," said his victim, steady-ing himself with difficulty, "something wrong with the seats. Had an idea this sort of thing might occur. And I'll tell you what—I don't trust these Keith Prowse people any more. So I've bought the Royal Box as well, but from the District Messengers."

* * *

Two most excellent announcements are now displayed to Londoners, but we feel each, in its way, deserves wider attention.

The first is modestly exposed in the window of a Kensington tea shop.

It runs: "Only small dogs admitted."

The second is to be found printed on many a bombed-out wall. Its appeal, though primarily intended for those interested in horseflesh, would seem to be universal.

"Read the weekly ——— Experts explain EVERYTHING every Thursday."

* * *

THE young constable from whom we inquired our way to a new Soho restaurant was rather better looking than any uniformed official has a right to be, outside a film studio. He had, moreover, an impressive row of campaign ribbons.

"Gozzolinis?" he said, "I can't place it, but let me see now. . . ." Fishing in his trouser pocket he produced the policeman's "Guide to London." "Gozzolinis—Gozzolinis—No, it isn't here and I don't recall it at all myself. But actually, if it's a meal you're wanting, they tell me they're putting up a very tolerable show in the Ritz Grill nowadays."

* * *

Seen from a New Wangle

In Britain wealth may not suborn

Nor bribery entangle,

Black markets earn our righteous scorn—

All that we do is wangle.

McTavish wangles; so does Smith—

Dai Rees as well as Jackson,

Divided by no racial myth

Since all are Wanglo-Saxon.

From John o' Groats to Beachy Head,

From Rhyl to Abbot's Langley,

We are, as Gregory might have said,

Non angeli sed wangly.

Though something extra here and there

Is not our ruling passion,

What do they know of Wangleterre

Who only know the ration?

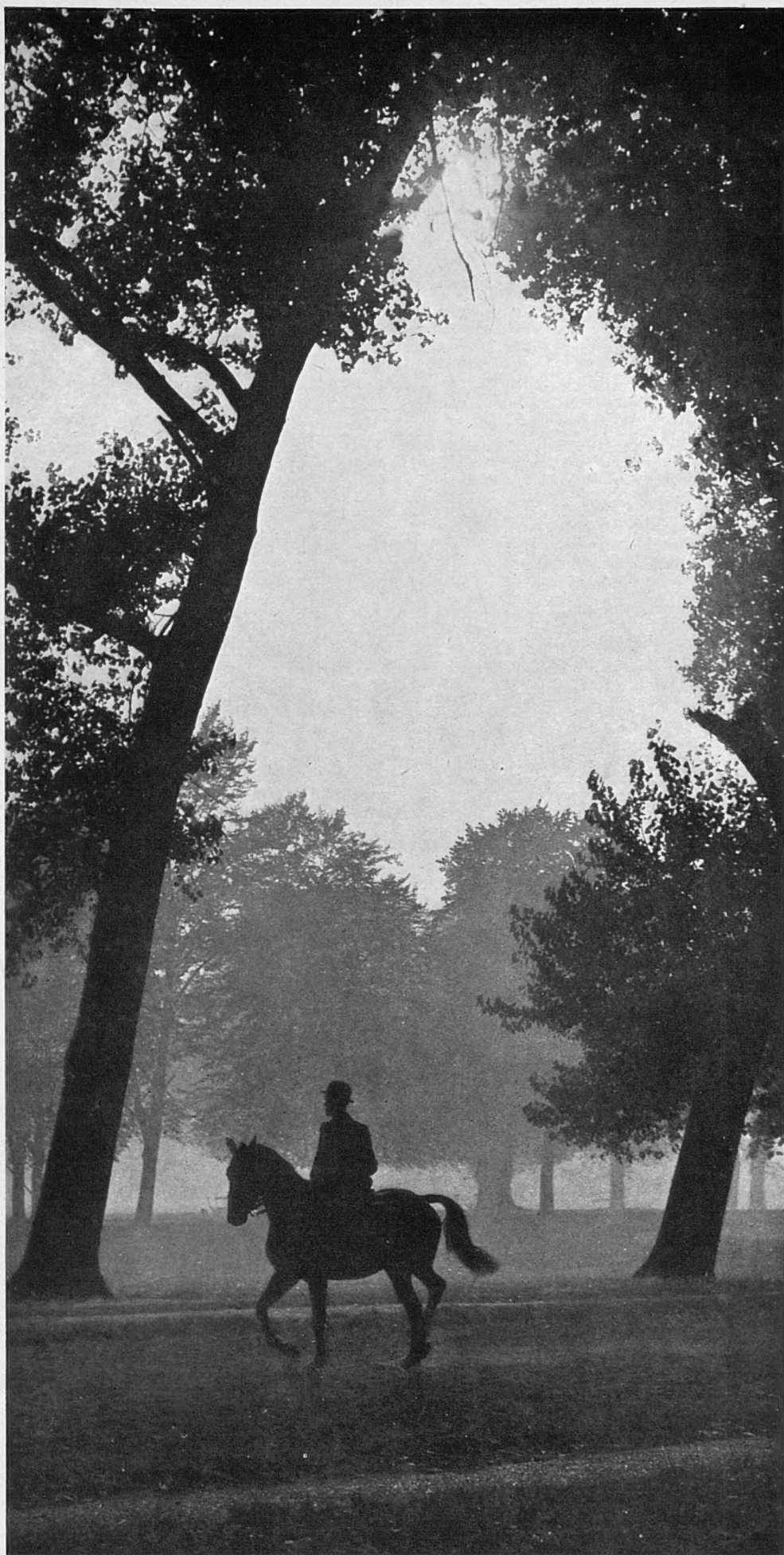
Nor call it crime—it's just the need

To supplement our dinners:

Old Albion is not *perfidie*—

We're Wanglicans, not sinners.

—Justin Richardson.



IN THE MORNING SILENCE this solitary rider, trotting round Rotten Row, wakes only faint echoes in the deserted stretches of Hyde Park. A photograph which perfectly conveys the essence of autumn with its reluctant dawns and gauzy mists, and distils the savour of the countryside in the heart of the town



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

ALDWYCH—Peace In Our Time. Noel Coward's imaginative study of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

APOLLO—Trespass. Emlyn Williams's dramatic excursion into the supernatural with the author in the principal rôle.

DUCHESS—The Linden Tree. The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley. Brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson.

GARRICK—Born Yesterday. Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

HAYMARKET—Present Laughter. Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

HIS MAJESTY'S—Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company in Richard II, Romeo and Juliet, and Twelfth Night.

LYRIC—Edward, My Son. Tragi-comedy. Period 1919-1947. By Noel Langley and Robert Morley.

NEW—Ever Since Paradise. J. B. Priestley's discussion on marriage, light in touch but full of understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

PHOENIX—Dr. Angelus. By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose evil deeds are covered by macabre hypocrisy.

PICCADILLY—Off the Record. This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Jack Allen, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

FORTUNE—Fly Away Peter. J. H. Roberts, mild and mellow, in an amiable suburban comedy.

SAVILLE—Noose. Reginald Tate, black in heart and market, provides a thrilling evening of full-speed melodrama.

SAVOY—Life With Father. The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

STRAND—Separate Rooms. Frances Day in a new American farce with Hal Thompson.

VAUDEVILLE—The Chiltern Hundreds. A. E. Matthews, Marjorie Fielding and Michael Shepley brilliantly burlesque the political scene and the art of noblesse oblige.

With Music

ADELPHI—Bless the Bride. C. B. Cochran's light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

AMBASSADORS—Sweetest and Lowest. Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

COLISEUM—Annie, Get Your Gun. Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

DRURY LANE—Oklahoma! Outstanding U.S. success. It is tuneful, decorative, and moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness.

DUKE OF YORK'S—One, Two, Three. Binnie and Sonnie Hale and Charles Heslop play a dozen or so parts perfectly in this new revue.

GLOBE—Tuppence Coloured. Wit, sparkle and song supplied most adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, Elisabeth Welch and Max Adrian.

HIPPODROME—Perchance to Dream. Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

PRINCES—The Dubarry. Luxurious revival of this favourite pre-war musical.

PRINCE OF WALES—Piccadilly Hayride. In which Sid Field with a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.



Mrs. Clandon (Jane Henderson) who finds writing books on life simpler than reality



Bohun, Q. C. (D. A. Clarke-Smith) in mind and figure a perfect paragon of the legal profession



Discussing Father: Dolly, Philip and Gloria Clandon (Brenda Bruce, David Peel and Rosamund John) have a not too respectful conversation about their newly discovered parent

At the

"You Never Can Tell"

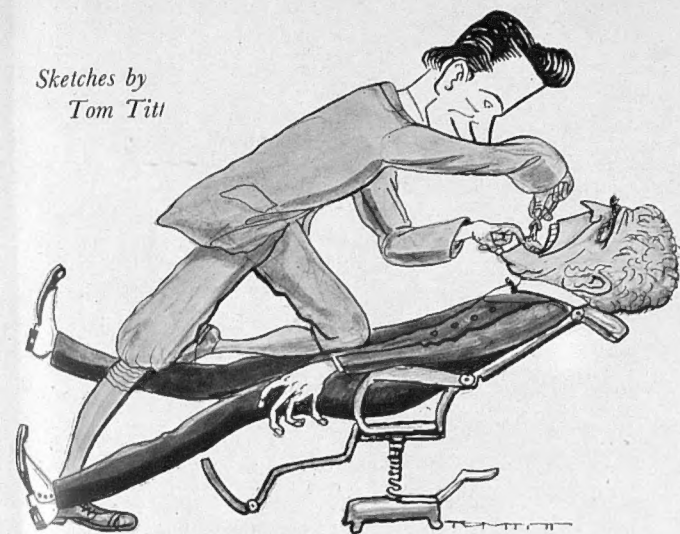
IF we can make no very notable gaiety for ourselves (and that is how things are in the theatre today), we must of course look for it where it can be found, and there is always the early Shaw. *You Never Can Tell*, written at the close of the century with a quizzical eye cocked at the box office, is just the thing. It has not been too often revived, and it is, I think, the gayest, certainly the most irresponsible, of all full-length Shavian comedies.

In a conversation with Mr. Shaw, someone spoke of his wit and humour. "My plays contain," he said, "not so much humour and wit as fun." *Arms And The Man*, *Misalliance*, even *Pygmalion*, are classified by the professors of drama as comedies of serious purpose. It is arguable that they are really comedies of purposeful fun. However that may be, nobody—not even a professor—could discover a serious purpose in this affair of a five-shilling dentist and an heiress who has been scientifically educated as the New Woman of the Nineties struggling together with a great display of intellectual fireworks in the grip of the life force. Its only purpose is to entertain.

DOUBTS as to whether after nearly fifty years of changing theatrical taste it can still fulfil its purpose are confined, in this spirited and graceful revival, to the short first act. The fun scarcely gets into its stride until, as the curtain is about to fall, the dentist, exasperated by his patient's determination to suffer pain with the fortitude becoming a wisely Spartan upbringing, forcibly gasses the stiff-necked curmudgeon and climbs fearfully over the inert body, great shining forceps in hand.

That is a bit of horseplay which Mr. Shaw took over from a theatre much older than his own, and so surprisingly and pleasingly does it bring down the curtain that we are inclined to forget that the act itself has been rather empty of promise. The succeeding scene soon makes amends as the family in which there is

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Painless Extraction: Valentine (James Donald) brings enthusiasm to the task of ridding his testy landlord, Fergus Clandon (Francis Lister), of a troublesome and obstinate molar

Theatre

Te: " (Wyndham's)

place for a father settles down to lunch with father at the Marine Hotel, and the dutiful waiter proves himself the perfect host, tirelessly taking the sting out of all the dangerous topics that are started until even his diplomacy is defeated by an all too human outburst of rage in the woman whose fame in the world has been won by her skill in expelling nature with the pitchfork of logic.

As the light-hearted story of the wooing of a New Woman moves along a path thick with surprises to its expected end, Mr. Shaw pokes fun at all sorts of things—romantic passion, at married men, at parents, at genteel society, at his audience, at his characters, and at himself.

There is an enchanting gaiety of heart behind it all, and the company succeeds pretty well in communicating this enchantment. Miss Rosamund John is the prettiest and also the weakest link in the chain of communication. Her performance consists in changing one pose for another, a method which may suit the film but is altogether out of place on the stage. She suggests something of the arrogance of Gloria; nothing of her compelling charm. But William the Waiter could scarcely be played with greater measure and tact than Mr. Harcourt Williams shows, and Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith, as Bohun, Q.C., goes off with just that forensic bang which the comedy needs to reach an effective end, or indeed any end at all.

Among other delights of the revival the peevishly philosophic Radical of Mr. Ernest Thesiger and the curmudgeonly father of Mr. Francis Lister are properly conspicuous in Mr. Peter Ashmore's lively production.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

THE FARMER'S WIFE. A character in a cartoon of *The Farmer's Wife* in the issue of Oct. 1 was described as "The Hon. Mrs. Tudor (Marguerite Hylder)." It should have been "Louisa Wendeatt (Muriel White)."



The Solicitor (Ernest Thesiger), whose rueful countenance mirrors his philosophy



The Waiter (Harcourt Williams) who brings to his vocation the dedicated spirit of an artist

BACKSTAGE



ST. JOHN ERVINE whose last success in the West End was *Robert's Wife*—produced in 1937, it ran for 606 performances at the Globe—is writing another play which Basil Dean intends to include among future productions for the British Theatre Group at the St. James's Theatre.

It is called *Private Enterprise*, and I gather that it deals with political matters something in the Shavian manner. "For eighteen months I have been urging Ervine to write another play," Dean told me, "and now he has nearly completed what I think is a very entertaining piece of work."

Another of Deans's future productions will be *The Tree is Frosted*, a comedy by Charlotte Hastings, dealing with the theme of selfishness. It is her first play. "I have been very lucky with women playwrights," says Dean. Which is certainly true, for it was he who produced such notable first successes as Clemence Dane's *A Bill of Divorcement*, Margaret Kennedy's *The Constant Nymph*, and Dodie Smith's *Autumn Crocus*.

IT was John Gielgud who persuaded Cyril Ritchard to revive Vanbrugh's Restoration comedy *The Relapse; or, Virtue in Danger*, which goes into rehearsal shortly and after Christmastide production at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is destined for the West End. "It was as Tattle in Gielgud's production of *Love for Love* in New York, that I first broke into a curled wig part," said Ritchard, "and after that experience the prospect of playing Lord Foppington in the Vanbrugh comedy with my wife (Madge Elliott) as Barinthia seemed so delightful that we turned down two offers to reappear in musical plays."

Since their last appearance in London, Ritchard and his wife, in addition to visiting America, have toured Australia in three of Coward's playlets, *Ways and Means*, *Family Album* and *Shadow Play* with tremendous success. They broke all records in Ritchard's native Sydney in a six weeks' run and in Melbourne they played for eighteen weeks.

Ritchard promises that *The Relapse*, which Denys Blakelock is to direct, will have a very interesting cast.

THE only American artist among the white members of the cast of *Finian's Rainbow*, which opens at the Palace tomorrow, is Alan Gilbert, a tall, good-looking youngster, who plays the juvenile lead, Woody Mahoney. He understudied the part in the New York production of the Irish-American musical fantasy which has been running for the past nine months.

Over here the final rehearsals have been under the watchful eye of E. Y. Harburg, part-author of the book and writer of all the lyrics. He has particularly admired the way in which Alfie Bass, who only recently took over the role of the Leprechaun at short notice, got into the skin of the fantastic character. It gives a big chance to a young player who sprang into success in the Bridie play *Mr. Bolfry*, just before joining the Army in 1943.

ANGELA BADDELEY and Richard Ainley are to appear as Sara and Abraham in *The Little Dry Thorn*, a new play by Gordon Daviot, which opens at the Lyric, Hammersmith, during the week of November 10. Ainley, who is the son of the late Henry Ainley, has not been seen in London since he played in *Johnson over Jordan* in 1939. Since then he has appeared in Hollywood films and has served in the U.S. Army.

TOM ARNOLD's second big skating production *Stars on Ice*, opens at the Stoll Theatre next Wednesday. Its stars will include Daphne Walker, British amateur champion and Adele Inge, a twenty-year-old American who turns back-somersaults on the ice.

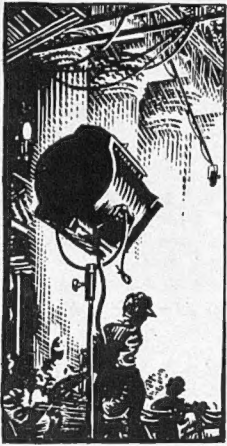
Arnold's *Ice Revue*, produced last October, ran for a year and was seen by a million people. No one connected with the show expected such success. For the first six weeks the audiences were composed mostly of skating fans, but after that the revue began to attract the ordinary playgoer in increasing numbers. The Stoll, built as an opera house, has always been something of a problem, but Tom Arnold seems to have solved it, and he intends to make it a permanent home of ice-skating entertainment.

Beaumont Newhall

Freda Bruce Lockhart

At The Pictures

Acting and Accents



Is the film star an artist, a skilled craftsman or a puppet? Is he a conscious actor or is he (or, of course, she) just a face or body more or less beautiful—or to put it a little higher—a personality, fitted more or less aptly to a particular character or story?

The argument is as old as the celluloid age and there is evidence on both sides. We have all seen equally effective screen performances given by an accomplished stage star or by some boy or girl who succeeded in the American national pastime of trying to catch a talent-scout's eye while driving a lorry or carrying a tray. There is a third category much used and advocated by the makers of documentary films: the real-life types selected on the principle of "set a farmer to play a farmer." It works very well for special occasions, but is hardly a practicable proposition for the commercial cinema.

A common saying in film or broadcasting studios used to be that the camera—or the microphone—"picks up what you are thinking." Something of that kind, I believe, makes cinema acting an interior process compared with the extrovert technique of the theatre. The empty head behind the pretty face can be filled, quite effectively, with the director's own ideas of interpretation. But conscious acting—for the camera—and for the microphone—must be done in the actor's imagination, in his will.

Of course, that is where all the best stage performances have to be conceived originally. But the camera is a cruel test of a stage actor's integrity, of his ability to shed all the tricks of his trade and give only his basic, original conception of a character. Too few English stage players come through this test. Offhand I can only think of Miss Celia Johnson and Mr. John Mills who consistently identify their own personalities with those of the characters they play. Yet the French stage, supposedly so artificial, regularly provides players who do so as convincingly as any actuality or personality actor—and more intelligently.

THESE reflections are prompted by the arrival, in one flash, of a new star in the British cinema. He is Mr. Kieron Moore, who plays the title part in *A Man About the House*, at the Empire. As the major-domo whose simple Italian candour and lusty virility charm out of their senses the two repressed English sisters who inherit the Castelle Inglese, Mr. Moore is so magnificently alive, so exact in his rendering of Salvatore's superb confidence, his partly contemptuous, partly protective, wholly disarming tolerance of the mad English, that he might easily be one of those

documentary real-life types. But the surprising and satisfactory thing about Mr. Moore—from the point of view of future British films—is that he is not a Soho spiv selected for his manly torso and bilingual speech, but a young Irishman from that breeding-ground of good actors, the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. He is in fact Kieron O'Hanrahan who made a hit on the London stage in O'Casey's *Red Roses for Me*. It seems to me safe to judge by this first film that his acting is in his bones, in his inmost personality where the camera requires it to be and where the French and Irish schools seem to implant it.

A Man About the House comes enjoyably near capturing the spell Italy has exercised on English travellers since the Middle Ages and right up to the latest world war. The Edwardian sisters, especially the prim elder Agnes (Miss Margaret Johnston), belong to the indomitable class of English travellers who can never believe they are foreigners in other countries. It is an old joke but a good one and Miss Johnston thaws most touchingly. Members of the local English colony are the decaying exiles, made familiar by the novels of Compton Mackenzie and Norman Douglas, who shed their inhibitions in the Mediterranean sun. But the spell is real and the film, apparently catching the enthusiasm on location in Italy and revelling in the vineyards, the treading of the grapes, the serenades, the frank lusciousness of everything, lavishes more love on creating the Italian atmosphere than the stage play of Francis Brett Young's novel could possibly do. Too much perhaps for the melodrama to come, but not a minute too many for our pleasure.

By the time the savage in Salvatore begins to show, we are too fond of him, we have fallen too much under the spell not to find the *dénouement* incredible as well as outrageous. It is not that we could not believe that Salvatore's preposterous seduction into marriage of Miss Agnes was the cold-blooded campaign of a land-hungry peasant to capture the land by acquiring the landowner. Italian endearing charms and English gullibility could have been legitimately debunked with less harsh a jolt to the preliminary gaiety. But not by poison. Oh! not by slow poison for us who have lately watched Mr. Bogart poisoning Miss Stanwyck gradually, Miss Fontaine poisoning Mr. Ney *prestissimo* and Mr. Sidney dying of ratbane while Miss Lockwood wasn't looking. When Salvatore brought his wife an eggflip in his own strong hand the film finished for me. Mr. Leslie Arliss, the director, who also directed the original poison picture, *The Wicked Lady*, which started the whole cycle, really should not do it again.

To play Salvatore, Mr. Moore went to the trouble of learning enough Italian to be entirely convincing—at least to my ear—whether he is talking ice-cream English or pouring a flood of Italian at the successive luscious chambermaids he engages for the villa. This accomplishment, which contributes much to the authentic atmosphere, would not be a notable feat in most countries, where the ability to assume a convincing accent is usually taken for granted as part of the normal professional equipment of an actor. In a British film such an accurate accent is a rare asset. *The Silver Darlings*, for example, showing at the Tivoli, is about the crofters and fisherfolk of Caithness and the Outer Hebrides; yet none of them (except the heroine's aunt) speaks in an accent I have ever heard in any part of Scotland—or anywhere else outside a British film.

A few local "documentary" types—and their accents—might have turned *The Silver Darlings* into a really attractive little regional picture. Every finely photographed prospect of mountain, loch, burn and small herring boat in raging sea pleases inordinately. The squawking of seagulls is one of the most evocative of sounds. And only the voice of man—and woman—is very vile indeed.

MISS JOAN BENNETT, Mr. Gregory Peck and Mr. Robert Preston are expert Hollywood performers, equal to any chances they are offered; and they handle the big-game triangle of *The Macomber Affair* at the London Pavilion with efficiency, vigour and a judicious sense of character.

Mr. Preston looks especially glad to get away from his usual rather tedious tough-guy type and plays with relish the cowardly Macomber, who bolts like a rabbit from his first lion, to be despised by his wife whom Miss Bennett realizes as the perfect bitch (no other word matches the honesty of her playing) and contemptuously patronized by his hired white hunter (Mr. Peck).

Hemingway, I confess I haven't been able to take since I was twenty-one; and the heavy parallel he draws between the bloodlust of the hunters and what Mrs. Macomber calls "these other emotions which make a man a man and a woman a woman" is something less than edifying. But the interplay of character has an adult vitality and cynical humour that hold the interest; and the hunt scenes are the more exciting for not being over-emphasized.

There are fine shots of a splendidly raging lion and of a whole plain of trotting giraffes, buffaloes or African deer—could these, I wondered, possibly be overmatter from *Sanders of the River*, which was also directed by Mr. Zoltan Korda? His direction of *The Macomber Affair* is more dramatic and more sophisticated. And I congratulate him on making his uncomfortable trio on safari sit down to a breakfast they actually seem to eat.



Play Personalities (No. 6)

EMLYN WILLIAMS

This photograph of Emyln Williams might be subtitled "A Warning to Young Playwrights." He is enthroned, it is true, on neatly bound volumes of glittering achievement—but as background there is evidence of the toil, tears and sweat which lie behind them in the form of the original script of his latest success *Trespass*, altered, cut, re-written, a mosaic of bits and pieces typed on scraps of paper and the backs of old receipts. Even so, people who have seen the play would realize on reading this script that the central character, played by the author, has been completely altered. Whether as playwright, actor or producer Emyln Williams, who this year celebrates his twentieth year in the theatre, has a golden touch, combining accomplished technique and daring imagination. He has three interesting projects for the near future, directing *The Wind of Heaven* for Broadway, directing his French translation of *The Corn is Green*, with François Rosay in Paris, and also directing the film *Gala Night* from his own script, though the order in which these will be done depends naturally on the run of his current play.

George Bilainkin.

TRAVELLING IN
EUROPE

LUXEMBOURG.—

Dinner had been served slowly and regally in the fashionable French Legation at the Court of Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess Charlotte, Sovereign of Luxembourg. A guest quietly drew aside the Foreign Minister of the Grand Duchy, Dr. Josef Bech, and said, "My German gardener told me an hour ago that he is a member of the Nazi Fifth Column, the Column has been mobilised, and the Nazi Army is entering Luxembourg to-morrow morning, at five. Premier Dupong promptly put into motion the machinery designed for just such an emergency. Sovereign, consort, their family, Ministers, had decided to withdraw, so that a fight could continue—where it was possible—and so at 4 a.m. the Duchess, Prime Minister Dupong and others, with their families, drove from the city.

At 7.30 a.m. Germans were seen approaching, where the party waited, on the state's frontier with France. Princes, Ministers, glanced back sadly at their country, then headed for Paris, left before France capitulated, and finally reached Spain. Within three days the military governor of San Sebastian discovered that the Grand Duchess and the Premier were "receiving too many visitors," and this activity could not be tolerated.

Fortunately, Portugal proved more accommodating. Thence the Government divided in two, one part going to the U.S.A., the other to London. Unable to understand a word of English, Dupong decided in his exile to change that. To-day he speaks faultless English, a triumph at sixty-two.

EDUCATED in Paris, Berlin and Fribourg universities as a lawyer, Dupong looks the steady, slow but careful-thinking son of a farmer. Long ago he was noted in European social reform circles for his revolutionary schemes for old age pensions and industrial insurance. In exile he worked to organise Resistance by Luxembourg, to help the state recover from war damage estimated at twenty-six billion francs (about £150,000,000).

In his quaint, dignified, busy office in the heart of the city where the Duchess ascended the throne twenty-eight years ago, and 700 years back one of her forbears, the Countess Ermesinde, gave the citizens the Charter of Freedom, the Prime Minister, Minister of Finance, of Labour, of Social Services, receives a string of visitors. People report to him what is being done with the quislings and collaborators. Representatives of the Civil Service stress the burning problem, salaries and wages—for they know that soon the subsidies that kept down prices of meat, butter and bread will be removed. The heavy deficit on the nationalised railways is always on the tongue, and in the mind.

INTERVIEWS go on until six-thirty or seven, when Dupong walks ten minutes to his home, where the meals are cooked by a faithful retainer who has been in the family for twenty-five years, at home and in exile. During week-ends the Premier motors to sad-looking Diekirch, of beer fame, to the tannery centre, Wiltz, to the dreamland around battered Echternach. His hopes? That the Allies will compensate Luxembourg for grievous losses with a little strip of German territory, so that a powerful dam may be built to produce power for new and old industries. Why not?



M. Pierre Dupong,
Prime Minister of the
Grand Duchy of Luxem-
bourg



The favourite for the Cambridgeshire, the Maharaja of Baroda's Mighty Maharatta, winning the Great Foal Stakes from Allegory and Sankur I.

AT NEWMARKET BLOODSTOCK SALES



Councillor H. Martin, chairman of
the Doncaster Race Committee, and
Mr. P. J. Vasey, the trainer



Lady Mary Cambridge, one of Princess
Elizabeth's bridesmaids, with her mother, the
Marchioness of Cambridge



Col. Giles Loder (left) and Mr. John Dewar, the
owners, with Lady Claud Hamilton, daughter-in-
law of the Duke of Abercorn



Mrs. Harold Boyd-Rochfort with Mrs.
Mackinnon. The week's sales aggregated
186,255 guineas



Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the King's
trainer, with Major Beatty, another well-
known trainer



Mrs. C. Philipson, Lady Claud Hamilton,
Lady Irwin, wife of Earl Halifax's heir, and
Major Patrick Dennis



Sir David, who lives at Cambo, Fife, with his bride, formerly Miss Ann Fraser-Tytler, daughter of the late Col. Neil Fraser-Tytler, after their wedding at the Cathedral Church of St. Andrews

SIR DAVID ERSKINE MARRIED AT INVERNESS



Sir Henry Wade, the surgeon, and Mrs. Neil Fraser-Tytler, C.B.E., of Aldourie Castle, Inverness-shire, the bride's mother



Mrs. Fraser-Tytler, the bride's step-grandmother, and Sir Ralph Anstruther, who was best man



A group at the Warwickshire Beagles' Hunt Ball held at Stratford-on-Avon : Mrs. Charles Cavendish, Mrs. Peter Vaughan, Major Peter Vaughan, Mr. Charles Cavendish and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ancell

HUNT BALL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON



Mr. H. Chambers, Mr. Michael de Pret, the Hon. Mrs. W. Carson and Mrs. Arthur Taylor were among the guests



Mrs. J. Builer, Mrs. Oscar Perry and Mr. Leslie Walford. The ball was held at the Welcombe Hotel



Mr. A. F. Mealings, Mrs. Percy Byrd, Mr. F. F. George, the Master, Mrs. Mealings, Mrs. George and Major Percy Byrd



Mr. Robert T. Parsons, of Pennsylvania, and his daughter, Mrs. G. W. Beech, of Wyoming, who had flown from U.S.A.



Miss Yvonne Lines and Mr. Nigel Blakstad sitting out a dance



Lady Beatrix Fanshawe and her two daughters, Noni, aged four, and Clodagh, aged two. A sister of Earl Cadogan, Lady Beatrix married Col. E. L. Fanshawe, eldest son of Lt.-Gen. Sir Edward Fanshawe, in 1942. They are going to Southern Rhodesia this month, Col. Fanshawe having been appointed Comptroller at the capital, Salisbury

Swabe

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL



R. H. Schloss

H.H. Princess Abdell Moneim of Egypt, who has been holidaying at Gstaad, in the Bernese Oberland. She is the wife of Prince Moneim, son of ex-Khedive Abbas II.

THE KING had perfect weather for his shooting-party at Sandringham and good sport was enjoyed. Besides the King, five other guns made up the small house-party, with several other friends of His Majesty's from neighbouring properties invited over for each day's shoot. The Duke of Gloucester travelled with the King from London, as did Lt.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, who was taking a few days off from his preparations for the Royal wedding—as Master of the Household, he is responsible for all arrangements inside the Palace. On the way to Norfolk the Royal train was stopped at Hitchin to pick up the Queen's two brothers, Col. the Hon. Michael and the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, who, with the Duke of Beaufort, completed the party. The Duke of Beaufort, too, is one of the several great Officers of State directly concerned in the Royal wedding preliminaries. As Master of the Horse,

he is responsible for the organisation of all transport at the Palace, including both the horse-drawn State landaus for the bridal and other processions and the motor-cars which will bring the bridesmaids—and the bridegroom—to the Abbey on November 20th.

Before this, the Duke and his Second-in-Command, Col. Sir Dermot McMurrrough Kavanagh, the Crown Equerry, have the organisation of another procession on their hands, the State drive by Their Majesties and Princess Elizabeth to Westminster for the opening of Parliament on October 21st. Normally this is a routine affair following almost exactly on past precedent, but this time the fact that the Princess is driving in a special carriage behind the King and Queen as heiress-presumptive made new arrangements necessary, for, as far as official records show, this has never occurred before.

THE Scottish season ended with another gay and crowded week, when they held the Perth Hunt Races, the Angus Ball, the Perth Hunt Ball, and the following night, a little farther afield, the Northern Gathering Ball at Inverness and several private dances. The Perth Ball, held in the County buildings, was a very big affair, and some people found it even a bit too crowded to dance the Scotch dances well! In spite of the crowding, everyone I met seemed to have enjoyed it enormously. The ball was very efficiently run by a committee

which included Mr. R. Heriot Maitland, the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Earl of Mansfield, Mr. James Drummond-Moray, Mr. Jock Hutchison of Bolfrax, and Capt. Michael Lyle. Once again Mrs. Knox Finlay, of Keillour Castle, had done the most exquisite flower decorations with autumn shades of gladioli and dahlias, and large vases of rowan berries in the ballroom and supper rooms.

PINK coats, as well as kilts, coloured velvet jackets and lace jabots were worn by most of the men, which added to the gaiety of the scene, while the women wore some of their loveliest dresses, often with the family tartan sash and some fine jewels. Not only were there foursomes, eightsomes and sixteensomes on the programme but many of the Scotch country dances, including the famous and complicated Perth Medley, which is only danced at the Perth balls.

Among those enjoying the ball were the Earl and Countess Cadogan, the latter in an off-the-shoulder black and gold bouffant dress with her lovely family tiara. Another wearing an off-the-shoulder dress with a beautiful tiara was Mrs. Michael Lyle, who was looking very attractive in black. In these days of austerity, tiaras spend most of their time in the bank, and it is not often one sees them at parties, so it was quite exciting to see so many at Perth. Others wearing them were Mrs. Stewart Fotheringham in white, Lady Munro,

also looking very attractive in white and dancing with Lord Breadalbane, the Hon. Mrs. Duthac Carnegie, Mrs. James Drummond-Moray and pretty Mrs. Michael Crichton-Stuart, who wore a lovely emerald and diamond tiara with a necklace to match with her white-striped faille dress. Another lovely necklace was the diamond one the Hon. Mrs. Greville Baird wore with her midnight-blue velvet dress. A few days after the ball Mrs. Baird, who is the widow of Lord Stonchaven's brother, announced her engagement to S/Ldr. A. I. Sladen. Sir David Moncreiffe was dancing with Miss Ann Wallace, who had come down from Inverness-shire, while his sister Elisabeth was partnering the Archduke Robert of Austria. Lady Margaret Egerton, very attractive in a lovely dress of wine-red and pale-blue striped satin made with a very full skirt, was dancing with Mr. Jamie Stormonth Darling.

Others there were the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, the latter in white, which was much to the fore, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter talking to Lord Polwarth, Mrs. Diana Smyley in black, who had come with the Earl of Southesk and his son Lord Carnegie, the Hon. Bruce and Mrs. Ogilvie, the latter very pretty in grey net with a cerise belt, Major and Mrs. Derek Foster, Miss Angela Paul, Miss Mary Kidston, Miss Angela Stormonth Darling, Lady Breadalbane, Lt.-Col. Michael Monteith, the Hon. Patricia Stourton, having a short respite from her work at the Foreign Office, Major and Mrs. David Rutter, the Hon. David Balfour, Sir Torquil Munro, the MacLaine of Lochbuie, Major and Mrs. Holt, Miss Anne Ramsay and Col. and Mrs. Clunch.

THE following night the Northern Meeting Ball at Inverness was another enjoyable evening. Here, again, there were lovely jewels and tiaras in evidence; two lovely examples were worn by Mrs. Donald Ross, very good-looking in white silk jersey, and Viscountess Gough, who had given a large cocktail-party at Inshes. Viscountess Tarbat wore the beautiful black pearl, ruby and diamond family heirloom necklace which belonged to Marie Antoinette. Many people in the district brought parties, including Brig. and Mrs. Houldsworth from Dallas, in Morayshire, where Brig. Houldsworth is Lord-Lieutenant; his big party included their daughter Anna, Lord Doune and his sister, Lady Hermione Moray from Darnaway, Lady Ann Leslie Melville and Miss Mary Manning.

Capt. and Mrs. Jack Macleod brought a party from Culloden, including Lord and Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, who were staying with them for the weekend, W/Cdr. and Mrs. Hodgson, Mr. David Wills and his sister Angela, Viscount and Viscountess Tarbat and her pretty sister Miss Sonia Laurance, and Mr. Ian Hilleary. The Lochiel and Lady Hermione Cameron brought a family party; Mr. Michael Baillie brought his attractive fiancée, Miss Ursula Wise, who was wearing her lovely diamond and sapphire engagement-ring. Among other pretty girls at the ball were Miss Jane Whitelaw, Miss Anne Wheatley, up from Yorkshire, and Miss Pamela Wilson, up from Perthshire.

Also enjoying the ball were General "Tiny" Barber, dancing Hamilton House with great vigour, the Hon. George Rous, who had been stalking in his father's, the Earl of Stradbroke's forest at Inverlael, Col. the Hon. Harry Cumming Bruce, Capt. Philip Mitford and his charming mother, Brig. Rawstone, Admiral Mackintosh of Mackintosh and Mrs. Mackintosh, Major-Gen. Sir John and Lady Laurie, Sir William Martin Mackenzie, Capt. Roddy Macleod and Baron and Baroness Stackleberg, who gave an amusing cocktail-party two nights later.

It was a gay week in this part of Scotland as well as Perthshire, for besides the Inverness Ball and the two cocktail-parties I have mentioned, Brig. and Mrs. Houldsworth gave a very good

dance jointly with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Murray at the Caledonian Hotel, and Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie had given a large dance to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of her daughter, Marygold Congreve, the night before.

THE panelled dining-room at 10, Downing Street was packed for the last committee meeting before the Autumn Fair in aid of the Victory (ex-Services) Club Fund, which Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein is to open at 11.30 on Thursday, November 6th, at the Dorchester. Mrs. Attlee, who is president of the Ladies' Committee of the Victory Club Fund, presided at the meeting, and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, who has been working for weeks on the preliminary arrangements of the Fair, was in the chair, and in her usual charming manner told everyone about the Fair and thanked stallholders, many of them wives of the Corps Diplomatique, for all their kind help, especially Countess Reventlow, wife of the Danish Minister, who had done wonderful work getting hold of the actual stalls, which are nearly unobtainable owing to the present shortage of timber.

Many of the gifts for sale will doubtless come from all over the world, and in these days of shortages and austerity in the shops here, I am sure this Fair will prove the most wonderful chance to do your Christmas shopping in good time.

Mrs. Lewis Douglas was at the meeting. She is having a stall at the Fair with the American Women's Club. Mme. Moniz de Aragao, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador, is

Victory Club going, and was able to disclose the splendid news that they had been able to obtain the premises of the Old Connaught Rooms in Seymour Street, which will be wonderfully central for ex-Service men wanting somewhere to stay on their way through London. But to get the club equipped and open needs £20,000 quickly, and it is hoped this Fair will do a lot towards raising it.

When the meeting was finished, Mrs. Attlee invited everyone to have tea in the two small drawing-rooms overlooking Horse Guards Parade.

Among those at the meeting were Mme. Verduynen, saying how much she and the Netherlands Minister had enjoyed their holiday, and Mme. Prebenson, wearing a very chic yellow felt hat. Mme. Leontic, in black, told me her husband was now in America. Mme. Aguilera, the attractive wife of the Minister for Paraguay, wore a huge round hat with her lovely mink coat. Also there were Mme. MacEachen, Mme. Acikalin, with red quills in a chic black hat which she wore with a black suit, Mme. Solares, the charming wife of the Bolivian Minister, Mme. Pastoriza, the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Mrs. Bowen Davies, Mrs. von Neurath, Sir Patrick Hannon, and Rose Marchioness of Headfort. Lady Ebbisham, who had enjoyed her annual visit to the Isle of Wight, Mrs. John Macindoe, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash were also there.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE STREET received the guests in the ballroom at the Savoy, which was beautifully decorated with vases of autumn flowers, after the marriage of their only child Angela to the Hon. David Kenworthy, eldest son of Lord Strabolgi and Doris Lady Strabolgi. The bride, who is an attractive brunette, wore a beautifully-cut dress of pale-blue silk, with a head-dress of pink and blue feathers. I saw many members of both families, including Lord Strabolgi and Doris Lady Strabolgi, the latter looking very chic in black with a little flowered hat, their only daughter, Lady Hood, with her husband, Sir Harold Hood, the Hon. Basil Kenworthy, Miss Gwen Street, and her sister, Mrs. Hoven-den. Miss Naomi Royde-Smith, the clever authoress, was there with her husband, Ernest Milton, the actor.

I met the bride's most attractive Australian-born cousin, Mrs. Hans Stamm, whose husband is Dutch; they had come over to England for the wedding and were returning to Holland the next day. Unfortunately, the bridegroom's second brother, the Rev. Hon. Malcolm Kenworthy, and his wife were unable to come to the wedding, owing to his induction as Rector of St. Clement's Church, Oxford, by the Bishop of Oxford the same afternoon.

Others I saw at the reception were Grace Lady Clifford of Chudleigh and her nephew, Christabel Lady Ampthill, who had designed the bride's attractive wedding dress, Lt.-Col. Sir Hugh Turnbull and his daughter Madeline (Lady Turnbull was not able to come as she was still in Scotland), the Hon. Philippa St. Aubyn and Mr. and Mrs. Noel Smith.

The bride and bridegroom left to spend their honeymoon in Italy, which included a visit to Rome.



Col. Taku Sheodutt Singh, of the Indian Military Mission in Berlin, and his wife, Takurani Sheodutt Singh, in London



Swaabe

H.E. the Nepalese Ambassador, Gen. Kaiser, G.B.E., with his wife, the Rani Kaiser, and their three-year-old daughter Tani, in the Nepalese Embassy at Kensington Palace Gardens. He is the first Ambassador, the Legation having been raised in status last July. His wife is a daughter of a King of Nepal

combining one large stall all down one side of the ballroom at the Dorchester with the wives of Ambassadors and Ministers from several other countries. The wives of representatives of some of the Dominions are also having stalls, and others I heard about were Lady Macleay's woolly stall and Mrs. MacIndoe's Scottish stall.

Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode spoke in support of the great need to raise funds to get this

The Hon. David Kenworthy Marries Miss Angela Street



The bride and bridegroom after the ceremony. The Hon. David Kenworthy is Lord Strabolgi's eldest son and heir



Dr. Ben Foyle, Mrs. J. F. Simpson, Mr. J. F. Simpson, Mrs. Cecil Lister and Sir Percy Lister, president of the club. Besides the ball, the Festival Week included many golf competitions and a bridge drive

Stinchcombe Hill, Glos., Golf Club Ball

The High Spot of a Festival Week



Mr. and Mrs. George Street, of Elstree, parents of the bride

Doris, Lady Strabolgi, mother of the bridegroom, at the reception



Miss N. Windle and Mr. W. S. Bradburne sitting out



Mr. J. B. Minhinick, club secretary, and Mrs. Minhinick



Swaebe

The Hon. Basil Kenworthy, youngest son of Lord Strabolgi, with his brother-in-law and sister, Sir Harold and the Hon. Lady Hood



Brig. A. Durand, brother of Sir Edward Durand, Bt., and Mrs. D. Fraser, two more of the guests



Swaebe

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Webber. The ball was held at the Hare and Hounds, Westonbirt



Major and Mrs. Crichton-Stuart walking through the lobby en route to the ballroom



Archduke Robert of Austria and Miss Elisabeth Moncreiffe, sister of Sir David Moncreiffe, studying the dance programme



Miss Ann Wallace enjoys a joke with Sir David Moncreiffe, who is the tenth baronet, and Lt. John Ramsay



Miss Ann Wallace and Capt. G. P. M. Ramsay



Mr. Heriot Maitland and Mrs. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn



The Hon. Patricia Stourton and the Maclaine of Lochbuie



Sitting out on the stairs: Miss Anne Ramsay, of Farleyer, and Lt.-Col. Douglas Pine, of Little Finkrey



Earl Cadogan, who came over from his home, Snaigow, Murthly, with Countess Cadogan, takes refreshment with Mrs. Diana Smyley



Lt.-Col. Michael Monteith and Miss Anne Kerr seem to have found an important point to discuss during an interval



Baroness Brockdorff, Mrs. J. C. Church, Mrs. Claud Scott and Col. J. C. Church were four more of the guests enjoying this successful event

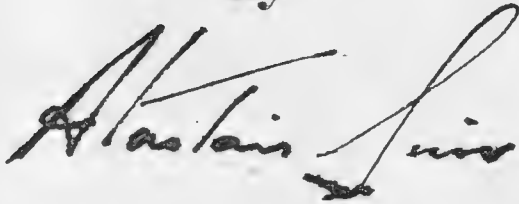
The Perth Hunt Ball

A Gay Occasion in the County Hall to Wind Up the Races

Self-Profile

Alastair Sim

by



UNTIL a fortnight ago I had scarcely a thought in my head to worry me. Then I was suddenly commanded to write a self-portrait for *The Tatler*, to accompany the diabolically discerning sketch by Mr. Carter.

Of course, I resisted as best I could. I wrung my hands. I said, "please, no." I shook my head, and *shook* my head. But I didn't fool anyone. I was "coaxed" as a matter of form, and I duly succumbed, partly to save my coaxers further indignity and partly because my head happens to be a little soft.

Please don't misunderstand me. I am not remotely certifiable. I am simply not to be trusted with any sort of hard, manual or responsible work; but am content to spend all my time playing with other delightful defectives. Here, in brief, is my case history.

I MAY or may not have been born with more than a normal share of Original Sin. Anyway, I quickly learned to dissemble and deceive, to spot child sentimentalists with unerring precision, treat them as fair game and, generally, get my own way in nearly everything.

Nothing wrong with all that. If only I hadn't made the silly mistake of attributing my success to "personal magnetism and will-power"! That was how I came to waste all the best years of my life.

Later, as I passed imperceptibly from a beautiful child to a strong and handsome lad, I wanted more than anything else in the world to be, of all things, a HYPNOTIST.

I practised on gentle dogs—with the result that even to this day I am nervous in their presence.

As a pale and interesting youth, I decided to shorten the odds a bit, and tried hard to be merely "forceful and dynamic." I came through that with a persecution complex.

Finally, on entering man's estate, I settled for "silent strength"; until I was talked into buying a secret and very expensive hair-restorer from a bald tram conductor.

That, I consider, was the turning-point of my life. I realised in a flash, and with inexpressible relief, that I was definitely feeble-minded. So I took the obvious course. I went on the stage, got married, begat a child (almost as beautiful as I was myself), and have lived happily from hand to mouth ever since.

THAT is, I was happy until a fortnight ago, when I was practically coerced into making this mildly embarrassing confession.

Obviously I dare not lie to you, even if I had the wit to do so at all convincingly, because the artist has already told all. The above drawing purports to be a study of me as Dr. Angelus in the play of that name by Mr. Bridie. Now you, being a reader of *The Tatler*, and therefore an enlightened mind, will naturally have already visited the Phoenix Theatre and actually seen Dr. Angelus. Accordingly, you will bear me out that only the winged, collar and cravat belong to that blithe villain. The rest is pure ME as I am at this moment—a dismal compound of negative virtue and by-passed viciousness, gnawing my



Woolworth pen and wondering how I can possibly deserve the interest of such an exclusive public.

Only one thing about me might set at least a section of you agog.

There must be lots and lots of you progressives who are fascinated, as I am, by the occult. If so, then we really must get together over an extraordinary dream I had last Sunday week.

It was an exquisitely sultry afternoon, and the sight of my wife busily gardening had lulled me to sleep. I dreamt I was standing on the edge of a mighty precipice with my friend Archie Batty, the actor. We were discussing, happily enough, which film-stars we should

most like to push over, when I became aware that Archie was trembling like a leaf and edging closer to me with a queer, shining look in his eye.

Well, I may be weak-minded, but in dreams, at least, I am capable of making rapid decisions, and so, a moment later, I was sadly watching poor Archie falling into space.

At this point I was awakened by the sound of a bicycle bell, and there was my Auntie Betty (as near Batty as no matter), pushing her push-bike up the path and moaning about her fallen arches.

No need for comment! The incident speaks for itself.

I'm not only feeble but fey.



Priscilla of Paris

Celebrating the Vine

THE FARM ON THE ISLAND.—In my already quite long life I have come through several nerve-shattering experiences, but it had to be in the midst of the calm and peace of my Island that I made the acquaintance of what seemed to be an earthquake, but which is now supposed to be merely the far-distant explosion of a submarine bomb. It was a beautiful, still, sunlit morning, when suddenly the house shivered and shook, crockery clattered and pictures danced on the walls. I felt saggy at the knees and bewildered as I dashed out on to the dune that rumbled and groaned under my feet.

Most disruptive because it was so unexpected. No damage, however, except that, despite the fine-weather assurance of the barometer, the unclouded moon and starlit sky of the evening before, the divine early October weather broke, and a few hours later the rain pelted, while the angry waves came beating almost up to the doors of the Farm.

THANKS be that the *vendanges* were safely over. These are little local affairs in this part of the world. We are far from the great vineyards of the Bordeaux district, but we make a pleasant little "clairnet" that, even though it does not "travel," is very comforting and cheery-making. In winter time, brewed with lemon, sugar and cinnamon, and swallowed as hot as the palate can stand it, warms one to the "very marrow of one's bones," and, for colds, is much more agreeable than a mustard foot-bath.

There are grand jollifications during the picking of the tight little bunches of

purple grapes. One picks and eats and eats and picks under the scorching sun, and the heady scent of the fruit when it is crushed down in the huge vats makes one almost as drunken as if one had swallowed twenty cocktails. A grand repast follows the long day's work, and though the festivities may end with headaches, it is well worth it. "Wine and women go commonly together," and despairing mamas often get rid of hitherto unmarried daughters during *les vendanges*!

The *vendanges* also stop the commercial life of the Island, for most of the shops are closed while butcher, baker and candlestick-maker are out and away, joy- and wine-making! But nobody complains.

I HEAR from Paris that the theatrical season has opened none too brilliantly, two greatly heralded premières proving to be bad flops. M. Thomas Murecay's *Le Pois Chiche*, at the Théâtre Michel, is a would-be comedy that only achieves being a farce, with all the tedious old situations. This dainty little theatre that has such a long list of gay successes to its credit has never before staged such an unwise choice. The critics and first-nighters yawned, fidgeted and grew indignant . . . but, of course, what the every-night public thinks may be a very different matter.

Jacques Hébertot's Théâtre des Arts, where Jean Cocteau's *Eagle With Two Heads* was played for over a year to crowded houses, has not picked another success. We expected a great deal from M. Peguy's *Jeanne d'Arc*, played by that ravishing little actress Madeleine Oseray, whom we have not seen in Paris since

the early days of '40, when she was Louis Jouvet's leading lady and enchanted us in the late Jean Giraudoux's *Undine*, and was an unforgettable Tessa in the French version of *The Constant Nymph*.

When Jouvet managed to get himself and his company out of Paris during Occupation and slipped away from a neutral country to South America, she accompanied him, but she left the tour *en route* in order to marry César de Mendoza, a Spanish band conductor. She is a delicate little *objet de vitrine*, a charming, blonde *bibelot* of fragile porcelain, and one cannot imagine her, armed cap-à-pie, astride a charger, or even minding her sheep in the fields of Domrémy. Only the first few rows of the stalls were able to follow Peguy's somewhat ponderous prose. An evening to write off as an error of judgment.

Voilà!

● François Perrier's youngest son has just gone to a real boy's school for the first time. The teacher asks the meaning of transparency. "It is something one can see through," answers the Bright Boy of the class. "Can anyone give me an example?" demands the master. François Junior holds up his hand. "A ladder, monsieur!"



H.R.H. Duke Ludwig Wilhelm of Bavaria, visiting his nephew King Leopold of Belgium, was one of the spectators



The Princess de Réthy, wife of King Leopold, was a competitor. The King himself was beaten one up in the final



Mr. Lewis Whyte, director of a London assurance society, who won the championship, with his family



King Peter and Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia, who were staying at St. Moritz, also saw some of the play

An Englishman Wins the Crans-sur-Sierre, Switzerland, Golf Championship

R. H. Schloss



**PRINCESS ELIZABETH HOLDS HER GODDAUGHTER
AT A SURREY CHRISTENING**



during her temporary return from Balmoral to London, to attend to matters connected with her forthcoming wedding, Princess Elizabeth went to Worpleston, Surrey, to stand as godmother to the daughter of one of her Ladies-in-Waiting, the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, wife of the Queen's nephew. The christening, which took place at the Parish Church of St. Mary's, was performed by Canon S. F. Corneli, and also present were Princess Margaret and Lt. Philip Mountbatten. The photograph shows Princess Elizabeth holding her goddaughter, Rosemary Elizabeth, accompanied by Mrs. Elphinstone. The other godparents were Mrs. Michael Leslie-Melville, Mr. Peter Carter and Mr. Oliver Miller.

EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO. 7

A semi-carnivorous specimen operating in well-defined territory, which it defends vigorously against others of its species



The Duckbold Drearius—or Gullyduck

(Fustbola-Clenebolda)

Adult Male (summer plumage): Colour, brick-red on dome and mandibles; beak long and slightly bulbous, inclined to carmine if over-exposed to sunlight; often tufted below beak and on mandibles; head feathers usually striped, multi-coloured; body feathers white, inclined to woolliness, stripes or rings at extremities of abdomen and wing coverts.

Habits: This quaint summer visitor to our fields and open spaces is, though slow at times, most graceful to observe as it flits hither and thither with its fellows. The Gullyduck feeds mainly on "hundreds." So far no observer has been lucky enough to see one attempt a "thousand"—at

least, not at one sitting. Many of the species feed on ducks. While feeding, the bird has an interesting habit of leaping into the air and, with a great flapping of its wings, uttering its shrill cry, a kind of "Howzat—Howzat." The Gullyduck prefers warm, fine weather, and at the first sign of rain becomes extremely broody.

Habitats: The bird spends most of its time on its feeding-grounds—preferably at Eton. Gasometers are other favourite haunts. The bird migrates to warmer climes in the wintertime.

Adult Female: Similar, in a way, to the male—far more amusing when feeding.



D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

"I DON'T like you, you've got a dirty face," snarls that charming child Master Percy Edgar Smith James at the kind Italian gentleman in *The Diary of a Nobody*; thereby expressing the *de fide* attitude of the Island Race towards Latin civilisation for the past 400 years and moving one to wonder what the devil the BBC boys are fussing and flouncing about now.

They are fussing, we gather from the Press, over the alleged problem of providing fresh villains this winter to be foiled by Dashing Dick Barton. As these wretches have admittedly to be of Latin origin, there is no real problem at all. Obviously the BBC can't dabble for this purpose in Ulstermen, Welchmen, Jews, Scandinavians, North Americans, and the other certified-sinless breeds; still less dare the radio-boys lay a lily finger on the Scottish Race, Mother Britannia's sacred cow. Their only concern therefore is to find a new angle on Latin villainy. This can be done very easily by choosing more sinister names than the customary banalities ending in "-o," "-i," and "-a." For example, offhand:

"Hands up, Botticelli!"

"Hold him. Where's the rest of the gang?"

"Aquinas and Cervantes here, sir. Loyola and Michaelangelo got away when that rat Dante Alighieri pulled the switch."

"After them, quick! I'll get Vasco da Gama."

Get cracking, BBC, and give the tots a new shudder.

Trick

ONCE again the Magicians' Circle are offering a £1000 reward to anyone performing the Indian Rope Trick, which the magic-boys aver has never been done.

It sounds simple enough. A rope is flung into the air and a small boy climbs up it and disappears. As a trick it is far less complicated and (in the practice-stage) less noisy than another celebrated and perennially fascinating trick which most good magicians nowadays perform with ease. Have you ever imagined what objections the inventor of this trick had to face, not merely from the typical English Rose selected by him but from her doting parents?

"Sit down, Mr. Gizzick. So you want to speak to me about our little Ruby, hey?"

"Yes, Mr. Rackstraw. I want—"

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. Gizzick, that girl's the apple of her old Dad's eye."

"I wonder if you'd mind my sawing her in half?"

After a long discussion with Dad and Mums and the signing of a sizeable cheque in advance the magician bore his lovely burden away. Whether a telegram arrived in due course ("REGRET RUBY PERMANENTLY BISECTED



DECORATIONS BY WYSARD

Standing By ...

ANNOYING SLIP WHAT ABOUT QUEENIE OR BABS SAME TERMS REGARDS GIZZICK") or not, the trick was ultimately successful, and is to-day an abiding pleasure to the thoughtful.

Wood

WHETHER a forthcoming anthology of poems about trees, to be published by that admirable group called the Society of the Men of the Trees (who have nothing whimsy about them but their title), will include two of our favourites we wouldn't know.

One is Ronsard's magnificent and almost untranslatable "*Forest, haute maison des oiseaux cocagers*," from a poem blasting woodmen at their work, the other is modern and addressed to a beautiful girl in South Kensington by an admirer:

I never thought that I should see
A thing as lovely as a tree,
Until I viewed the ligneous grace
Of your intensely wooden face.

There is a third tree-poem we like as well; short, and rather sinister:

Lizzie Borden with an axe
Hit her father forty whacks ...
"Frittering her gift away,"
Bryant commented to May.

The current match-shortage incidentally is due to the current timber-shortage, as a chap recently explained rather angrily to the *Times*. A tree-lover on a small scale, as one might say.

Crack

EVERY Military Correspondent's contract with his kindly Fleet Street employers carries a clause (as you may not know) to this effect:

57. The said Military Correspondent likewise undertakes that any such article or articles supplied by him shall be free from loose obscene lewd frivolous saucy libellous or actionable matter or matter infringing copyright and shall contain AT LEAST ONE quotation from Clausewitz capable of knocking the saps for a row of Japanese toothpicks IN DEFAULT of which the said Military Correspondent notwithstanding all rights at Common Law or by Statute as heretofore and hereafter mentioned shall find himself by act of the said Company OUT ON HIS FANNY aforesaid.

Having to run through the works of Clausewitz for a knockout crack is so tiring that we weren't a bit surprised to find Auntie *Times*'s military boy recently letting it go at this:

"Theory," says Clausewitz, "is instituted so that each person in succession may not have to go through the same labour of clearing the ground and toiling through his subject, but may find the thing in order and light admitted on it."

Just one of the little things Clausewitz used to throw off halfway through dinner, breathing

stertorously, meanwhile down the nearest woman's back. His hostess would take it up with dutiful but winsome verve.

"How perfectly divine! Who said that, Clausy?"
"Oscar (*hic*) Wilde."

A buzz of delight from the guests. Some would cry: "But how *typically* Wilde!" and others: "I should personally have *sworn* it was La Rochefoucauld, darling!" The hostess would shake her head archly and the woman over whom jolly old Clausewitz was leaning would suddenly leap up with a piercing yell, for the eminent strategist would now, probably, be pinching her leg. Anyway Clausewitz often made far more amusing cracks than the one Auntie's boy quoted, and we'd like a smasher next time, please.

Magic

SHYLY recalling that when the botanist Linnæus explored Lapland in 1732 he found the locals smoking juniper-bark, a helpful girl in one of the dailies thought this might be just the thing for British smokers to help save dollars with. She overlooked the fact that the Lapps are devoted to witchcraft (even to-day, a travelled chap assures us).

Quite possibly the Lapps merely hoped to get Linnæus smoking juniper-bark likewise, so that they could stupefy and magic him and pack him off to Finland to see the Snow Queen, who would finish him with a deathly frozen welcome-kiss. As this is the type of kiss most botanists are used to the laugh would have been on the Lapps; in fact, a chap at Kew tells us, it might well have been the Snow Queen who staggered back from Linnæus's embrace, blue and lifeless.

Linnæus would then classify her in his little notebook (*Regina nivea basiata*, L.), like an exquisite Finnish flower, and pass on. The outstanding event in a botanist's honeymoon (this Kew chap added) is the classification. Compared with a County cricketer's honeymoon it's a jungle by moonlight, at that.

Defeat

COFFEE in France is at the moment so vile that it might be the result of hours of patient application by a well-trained British housewife. French bread is at the moment even worse.

To starting the day on this lowering breakfast-routine we attribute the lassitude and nonchalance with which a chap in a French high-brow review recently surveyed forthcoming international activities of the P.E.N. Club. He had no fight in him, poor devil. He'd given up, as one might say, before he began. The

thought of those thousands of wild-eyed booksy girls with their back-hair tumbling down obviously-dispirited him, instead of stirring him to defiance and menaces. The fact that the next international P.E.N. jamboree was to be held in Zurich spelt nothing macabre to him, either, whereas to us it's like one of those elaborate nightmares by Hieronymus Bosch. He hadn't even the energy to calculate how many of the world's inky sweethearts would be flying their own brooms to the Congress; whereas if he had breakfasted on pre-war *croissants*, crisp, golden, and delicious, and good pre-war coffee he'd have sprung to the attack and exposed this Brockenfest in its true appalling colours.

We note also that the first melancholy meal of *le vierge, le vivace, et le bel aujourd'hui* is affecting even French publicity-boys, to some extent. In a wine-merchant's shop in the lovely old Breton city of Quimper we saw a row of bottles, labelled "BLACK & TAN WHISKY." Somebody evidently had told the firm's publicity-boys that this was just the thing to attract visitors from Eire. They were too undernourished to detect and expel this deceiver.

Needle

LONDON's most appalling public monument (as a gloomy chap recently suggested) may well be the Cavell Statue, for all we know; though there's a bronze citizen in Westminster wearing a bronze topper and gripping a bronze umbrella who runs it pretty close. Yet for grim and aching misery what can touch Cleopatra's Needle?

When the slaves of Thothmes III erected it to the sound of trumpets

before the Temple of the Sun in Heliopolis, about 1500 years before Cleopatra was born, the Needle little dreamed that thirty centuries later they would bury beneath it, under a foggy, rainy sky, the most frightful examples of contemporary British costume, pants and toppers and bustles, photographs of horsefaced Victorian beauties, and other surprises for Posterity. Nor (we guess) do the heirs of Drake ambling past the Needle at this moment console it for the screaming scarlet ibises, the honey-coloured nenuphars, the bright crested snakes, the flaming blue dawns and the gorgeous sunsets and the Sphinx's subtle-secret smile at the approach of her lover, the god Ammon, of whom it is written:

His thick-soft throat was white as milk and threaded with thin veins of blue,
And curious pearls like frozen dew were brodered on his flowing silk ...

Not to be confused, incidentally, with the Labour peer of the same name, still, happily, with us.





Henry Cotton—and Friends

One of the biggest crowds in golf history followed Henry Cotton (Royal Mid-Surrey) and Norman von Nida, the Australian champion, round the St. Annes course when they played in the "News of the World" Championship. Cotton, the holder, is seen sinking the winning putt on the sixteenth green after a breath-taking struggle. He lost, however, in the semi-final to F. Daly (Balmoral, Belfast)

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

IN some places people still remember how well a bridge which led to complete devastation was held by one man—but one amongst many churls, to whom that bridge meant everything, has said that the name should be spelt "Hitler." Here in his homeland he declined all reward, either of the corn land or anything else. He may not escape the molten image, for that, as we know to our æsthetic cost, is not within the power of any hero to control, but to be likened to the modern Attila—that, surely, is "the most unkindest cut of all."

Plus Ça Change, Plus C'Est . . .

IN some respects nothing has changed since Horatius. The tempest's din still roars loudly round any lonely cottage that may be available, though the good logs of Algidus, or anywhere else, do not do much roaring within, and a shillingworth a week does not produce enough to turn on any spit. Chestnuts we still have, but the embers in which to roast them are not so plentiful, and if you lit your largest lamp the Fuel Control people would be hard on your brush at once. Equally, even if you had an "oldest cask" to open, or tap, someone would be sure to accuse you of black marketing.

One thing, unhappily, is still with us, "the long howling of the wolves," and an unpleasant and menacing sound it is—winter or summer. It is incessant; it beats anything that any Banshee can do, and is as full of evil portent.

Betting or Guessing?

THE first call-over for the Autumn Double at that Stock Exchange of the Ring, the Victoria Club, on September 22nd, displayed the fact that the state of stupor which had characterised it from the outset still persisted—and yet they quoted Lord Rosebery's three-year-old Firemaster as a well-established favourite at 15—1. At that time the noble owner had not even made up his mind about running him, and there was no gallop, public or private, to warrant his being put top of the class. It was, in fact, pure guess-work. The bell-wether says "15—1" and all the other obedient little muttons baa in unison! There was hardly the proverbial brass farthing for anything. If and when the real money arrives there may be some fireworks. It is quite clear that the best handicap horse in the race had not then been backed, for Monsieur L'Amiral was quoted at 20 to 25—1, and is now at an even longer price—a tempting offer for a betting

stable. If, and when, they really set to work, he will not remain on that mark very long. Field Day, who it was known on that September 22nd was not over-sound, was quoted at 20—1. There was no justification for giving him a figure at all, and immediately afterwards he was dropped out of all lists. Why was he ever in, and at that ridiculous price? Who and what inspired it? Voluntary was on the 33—1 mark. There would have been far more justification if he had been put nearer the top of the class. There was no double-event wagering recorded, in spite of Mighty Maharatta being a more or less fixed point. It was a crazy performance. It would seem to be a pity that Tudor Minstrel is not in the Cambridgeshire, for on this recent Ascot gallop nothing could have held him at the weight he would have been given. Since this first call-over both Firemaster, who was hit for six at the second call-over, and Mighty Maharatta have won their winding-up gallops (in public), and Monsieur L'Amiral has been put in the back row of the chorus, which, presumably, means he does not run? I think Firemaster's final gallop a good one.

"Kerosene Joe"

HE was an old bush-whacker who had lived all his days with horses, and had only one remedy for their ailments—hence his pet name. When I met him in India he was an importer of remounts, the high-class sort for the Horse-Gunners and the light and medium Cavalry, who all used to be fond of things that looked good enough to pull out and win either over fences or on the flat. Beautiful horses, and a high tribute to Joe's fine judgment. He had waxed passing rich, but he still had a supreme contempt for the veterinary faculty, and stood fast by his rather smelly panacea.

From bowed back tendons to colic, from stranglers to stringhalt, Joe believed in kerosene. For blisters or compresses, drenches and liniments, he would have nothing else, and the fact that, in many cases, his treatment succeeded made even those who said he was plumb crazy wonder whether there might not be something in it after all.

I feel sure that if he were alive to-day he would say kerosene for heel-bug, and, maybe, he would get away with it. A learned M.R.C.S., writing to a sporting paper upon this recent trouble, which has come upon so many leading stables,

tells us that it is very similar to impetigo in humans, and that it can be successfully cured in from five to seven days. His method, which he has tried and found efficacious, is quite simple: hydrogen peroxide and a hard scrubbing-brush, hard enough to make the heel raw and bleeding; and then treatment with sulphathiazol ointment; and the animal is to be kept in regular walking exercise and a long bandage applied after evening stables.

I wonder whether old Kerosene Joe had something of the same sort in his mind with his strong counter-irritant, and what the learned physician thinks about it *vis-à-vis* his hydrogen peroxide treatment? Someone else has said that raw garlic juice is a certain cure and preventive. Garlic apparently does not kill the fleas on the inhabitants of Sicily, Naples and Malta, to name just three spots I happen to know; but then, of course, these persons do not rub it on outside. They just wolf it, and then breathe it far and wide to the detriment of the world in general. Rubbed round a salad bowl garlic is excellent; in any other way, it pretty nearly kills at ten paces.



The Late Mr. E. H. D. Sewell

IN common with all his other friends, the news of his death after many months of illness has been a cause of personal sorrow. The loss to sporting journalism and literature is obvious. E.H.D.S., who for many years was a contributor to this paper upon the subjects he knew so well, was, in addition, the author of many books which greatly added to the history, past and present, of cricket and rugby, the rudiments of both of which he learnt at Bedford School, and also, in part, in Southern India during the time his father was soldiering there in command of a battalion of his regiment.

Among E.H.D.S.'s more recent books—and he was a most prolific writer—were *Cricket Under Five*, written whilst we were getting it hot and strong in this London Town; *Overthrows*, *Who's Won the Toss?* and *Rugby, the Man's Game*; but he had been as close a companion of the pen as he had of King Willow for many years before these instructive books were published. He had a pungent style all his own, very strong convictions, and was quite fearless in his support of them. Not everyone agreed with him, any more than he agreed with everyone else.

Scoreboard



SOME surprise was occasioned—as Sir Alexander Cadogan remarked to a specially-summoned conference of 689 American reporters after hearing M. Vyshinsky laugh—some surprise, I repeat, was occasioned—two c's and one s and no h in occasioned, Miss Filbertson, please, and no % sign

in surprise; what time did your party break up last night?—some surprise was occasioned—what I say three times is true—when Cheesah II., the odds-on favourite, owned by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, trained by the Froebel System, painted a Kingfisher Blue by mistake, ridden to black market every Wednesday by me, and cordially detested by everyone, walked into the front entrance of the Victoria and Albert Rooms, eyed the commissionaire's medals with ill-concealed incredulity, neighed, passed on into the call-over chamber and, in a strong Shepherd's Market accent, said: "You can count me out for the Cesarewitch, or whatever you call it; I'm going to the Pictures that afternoon. Besides, I don't like the jockey they've chosen for me. He's not a nice sort of boy at all."

BUT do horses speak? "Only when spoken to," said the ex-Mayor of Melton Mowbray, laughing till the tears roared like Niagara between his chins and aspirins by the dozen rolled from his waistcoat pockets into the turn-ups of his peg-top trousers. But do they? The Emperor Caligula made his favourite horse a Consul, but there is no evidence that either of them spoke in the Senate.

Talking of Senates, did you know that Australia has one? Well, she has. And a Senator called Lamp. Stuff that one into your subconscious. Cricketers, they say, rarely become Senators. A pity. Senator Grimmett. The very words toll with possibility, and dignity. And what of Bert Ironmonger? For twenty years he never spoke except to say "How's that?", and he used to wedge his foot behind his bat to stop both being knocked on to the wickets.

STILL talking cricket—as the disgusted charlady remarked when, with a borrowed broom-handle, she shoved open the swing-doors on an all-night meeting of the M.C.C. Selection Committee—certain rumblings of disgruntlement roll over from the West Indies concerning the alleged under-stardom of the England team due to visit them in the New Year. Well, the answer is simple, and should surely be simply understood. Most cricketers have homes, and many have wives and children, and they all like to see each other more than three or four times in every five years. I fancy it's human nature.

Of course, there have been instances to the contrary. There was the illustrious batsman, many years ago, who scored century upon century simply because he dared not get out. For he knew that upon every ground he played, from Scarborough to Brighton, there waited, watching for the crash of his stumps, the lady who proposed to be his wife.

LATEST from the Bourse. A professional golfer sank a putt for a 2 at a short hole, and his partner threw him a shilling. The recipient was scooping it up, when shillings fell around him like a shower from Hans Andersen, and choric voices from the gallery exclaimed, "We also are members of the Two Club." Well; $2 \times 10 = 20$; so, next time we hole out at the short sixth, we'll be waiting for those pound-notes.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow



Walter Effner

"Fetch Him Out!"

A tense moment during a recent meet of the Crowhurst Otter Hounds at Horsebridge, Sussex, Miss Kathleen Varndell, the "huntsman," and Major Richard Henniker, the whip, in the stream, wait for hounds to investigate a likely spot. Miss Varndell is the daughter of the Master, Mr. Sidney Varndell, who in his forty-seven years of office has missed only four meets and has kept the hounds going through two wars

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews



The Griffin, a chemist's and druggist's sign seen near the George Inn, Southwark, about 1750



The Globe, the sign hung out by John King, print-seller, of the Poultry, early in the century



The Boot, plainly indicating the trade of its possessor, Jonathan Yeates, also of the Poultry



The Lamb, disporting itself in a Greek temple, was chosen by a prosperous firm of City mercers

WHATEVER else we may lack, now the days draw in, this autumn's publishing season is bringing us an unusual number of good novels. The last few years have obviously not been easy for the inventive writer: fact has outbidden fancy all along the line. Also, for the novelist two things are necessary—a sense of values, however personal, and perspective.

Everything has been happening on top of us: to stand back far enough to be able to get any view of what is happening; what it means, how it really affects us, has been difficult. Difficult enough for the private person, dangerously difficult for the novelist—whose business it is to infuse lifelikeness and, I say boldly, moral, into his nominally invented story. So, fiction-writers have had to keep marking time—and stylishly, as well as courageously, they have done it. They have in the main resorted either to fantasy or to the past. (I speak, of course, of novelists of civilian life—our liveliest fiction during the war years came from, and dealt with, the Forces.)

But now it seems we are, again, to have books which reflect and interpret life as it is to-day, books which define an emerging pattern. Fiction, in fact, if fiction alone, is beginning to recover its equilibrium. This is good.

My three novels this week, which inspire these remarks, all, though differently, deal with the subjects of time and change. They are all three, in their outlooks, highly contemporary. Hester Chapman's *Worlds Apart* (Secker and Warburg; 8s. 6d.) is, it is true, actually set in wartime, but war does not intrude—it plays (apart from the bombing-out of a star actor, and uncertainty, till near the end, as to the fate of one of the other characters, a Frenchman) no part in the plot, and does not penetrate into the charming, intensive atmosphere of Mrs. Darrow's London home. Air-raids noises are simply talked down; domestic hardships are overcome with an almost miraculous virtuosity. In fact, there is nothing boring—this book is brilliant; and, better still, of a brilliance which does not fatigue. The salt comedy of Miss Chapman's *Long Division* and the sardonic but graceful romanticism of her *I Will Be Good* have here, in this latest novel of hers, been blended.

Joan Darrow, now forty-two, has been a belle of the famous 'Twenties. She still, with unimpaired looks, poise, coolness and, one must say, ruthlessness, floats her way through a stressful, less pleasant world. She has, however, one problem: she is confronted by the return to her of her twenty-year-old daughter, Candace—who, born just after her father's death in a motor accident abroad, has been brought up by an aunt in France, and has, up to the outbreak of war, lived her own life, made her own way, in that country.

The mother and daughter, in fact, have virtually been strangers: now, sharing Joan's London flat, they have to discover each other—at least as house-mates and friends. There is no conflict, but there is considerable mystification—two generations, the elder still in effect young, have seldom been placed in more striking contrast. Here Miss Chapman pictures them:

Joan Darrow . . . from a distance looked like a hollow-chested little girl; but her white face and grey-blond hair, her delicate elegance and blank hauteur were the insignia of a beauty long acclaimed and as it were changeless, that in the 'Twenties as in the 'Forties had nothing to do with the fluctuating self-consciousness of youth. Her generation and type had never looked young; they had not as yet

"Worlds Apart"

"The Admiral's Daughters"

"This Is the Way"

"Black Goatee"

begun to look very old; while her daughter, at twenty, unpainted, in shabby tweeds, seemed already defenceless and ravaged.

JOAN has her own individual, light and impervious touch on life, on whatever happens; Candace suffers, blunders and, in retreat from a reality with which she cannot grapple, builds for herself and inhabits a dream life. "Emotionally isolated, she spent a great deal of the day and a great part of the night in the realm of the imagination; throughout this kingdom—a kingdom wholly peopled with the more conspicuous heroes and heroines of the past—she moved at ease, constructive, articulate and influential, in strong contrast, as she believed, to the ineffectual figure observed or ignored by the outside world." She is obsessed by—nay, she identifies herself with—the Duke of Monmouth—and it takes the return of her lost lover, the middle-aged Philippe Darques, to expose and challenge this sapping fantasy.

The apparent defection of Philippe, in 1939, has been one cause of Candace's sense of failure. But also her mother's circle is intimidating—Joan's little set, and her particular confidante and contemporary, Barbara Friske, novelist, are portrayed by Miss Chapman with a sympathetic malice which is enchanting. Joan's and Barbara's running commentary on life and love has flavour, and will be as much enjoyed by the reader as by them.

Candace, pending Philippe's return, talks, if at all, to William Cresser—that steady if somewhat exasperating admirer who is at any rate of her own age. William, unhappily, has an appalling mother—Gloria Cresser is one of the best malicious portraits in the book, rivalled only by the matinee idol, Geraint Markham. The arrival of the bombed-out Geraint, complete with entourage, in the Darrow flat could not be funnier . . . Yes, *Worlds Apart* is a comedy—but there are, due to Candace, disturbing depths under its polished, gaily-inset surface. How are the young to live? . . . Those who may find this novel more rich in striking than in lovable persons will set all the more store by dear, redoubtable Mrs. May.

IN Betty Askwith's *The Admiral's Daughters* (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.) we have three sisters, brought up in the best of the old tradition, making their own adjustments to changing times. The story begins, and ends, with Regina, Anne and Jo Carr meeting to go through old trunks in the empty house which had been their childhood's and girlhood's home. With the deaths of the Admiral and Lady Bertha and the closing of 74, Great Cumberland Place, much, it has to be realised, has gone for good: drawn together in the gaunt, stripped, memory-haunted room, the sisters, whose ways have diverged so widely, are at one as perhaps never before.

The main part of the novel, their three stories, is inset between the opening and closing scenes. Anne, the most conventional, had married a sailor, heir to considerable property and a country house: now, she is left a widow with one little boy, the house has been sold—the future, in her terms, might be considered a blank. The dashing Regina had insisted on marrying a Greek, separated from him, and made a business success and maintained an uncertain romantic

SOMETIMES when two big stars get together there is a clash of personalities, but not so with Bing Crosby and Al Jolson. These two grand performers have teamed up together and made a record of *Alexander's Ragtime Band and The Spaniard that blighted my life*. They are accompanied by an orchestra directed by Morris Stoloff, and the result of this wise and opportune co-operation is everything everyone could wish.

It is a pity some of our own big names haven't the spirit to do what Bing and Al have done. If you are a star a co-operative gesture towards another star of equal calibre can't hurt anyone; surely that makes sense? And I suggest that some of our stars, especially those whose light is beginning to fade, think quickly about the future, particularly at a time when one of the main thoughts in our minds should be to see to what extent we can help the other fellow, and how we can best keep our own puny flags flying, and the flag of our country doing the same thing.

Mr. Crosby and Mr. Jolson are showmen, as well as real star artistes; perhaps that is why they've done such a very clever thing! (Brunswick 03783.)

Robert Tredinnick.

and bescholarised that there won't be any differences. But at the moment it's all still there and we pretend that it isn't. It's like sex in Victorian times. We never talk about it except in very small groups to certain people. It's implicit in some novels but hardly ever mentioned. . . ."

Jo, in the happy period of her relations with Steve, hopes that the fatal "us and them" do not and need never operate. "There was nothing to overcome, no allowances to be made. We were on the same plane and close together." But an unforeseen move on his part shows imperfect confidence—there have been reservations in his mind, if not in hers.

Geoffrey Cotterell follows up his first book (*Then a Soldier*, acclaimed as one of the funniest light novels of Army life) with something totally different, but not less ably done. *This Is the Way* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.) is a story of life in a London suburb from 1919 to 1946. We first meet Arthur Danbury as the returning hero of World War I: out of the Army, destined for City life, he is, as Marcham's one M.C., being entertained by the Marcham Golf Club.

Arthur has come home with inconvenient, disturbing social ideals. He is simple enough to think it possible to make the world (as epitomised, for him, by Marcham) a warmer, friendlier, less hidebound place than it was before, and he accordingly sets his heart on Marcham's having a Social Centre, in which Marchamites, hitherto rigidly class-bound, may get together. His suggestion that such a centre would make a better war memorial than the proposed statue is, however, tactfully and benevolently ignored by the local élite.

Dorothy, Arthur's correct wife (their home is in one of the "best" residential roads of the suburb), is mistrustful of this bee in her husband's bonnet. She endeavours to calm down Arthur, and does apparently do so—till in Miss Hippshawe, the vicar's cranky sister, he finds an unexpected ally.

The cast of Marcham worthies is large, but Mr. Cotterell has succeeded in making each one stand out distinctly. This is an outright, sardonic but never cheaply mocking study of British suburbanism—excellent dialogue, much humour, and a realism which is cheerful rather than drab. Dorothy's two sisters, the Danburys' set in general, their son Kenneth (whom we are to see, at the end, as the returning hero of World War II.), and types such as the local colonel, the local aesthete and the preposterous next-door Rothbaums are drawn with vigour. Geoffrey Cotterell certainly is a novelist to watch.

THE American housing shortage provides a plot for the new Connyth Little murderous comedy, *Black Goatee* (Crime Club: Collins; 7s. 6d.). Aloysius P. Graham and his daughter Virginia surreptitiously move in to an unoccupied wing of the large house of their cousins, Maude and Una. They are soon joined by friends. How the illicit house-party, with its non-stop bacon-frying, coffee-making and high-pitched wrangles, remained so long undetected one can but wonder. Disappearing corpses soon add interest—there is also a remarkable butler, Wister, who is always lying down and going to sleep. I don't say that *Black Goatee* is the best of the Connyth Littles, but I do say I have not met a bad one yet.

The *British Film Year Book 1947-48*, edited by Peter Noble (Skelton Robinson; £1 1s.), is a remarkably complete résumé of indigenous film activities current and to come. Not only are the hard facts of the industry given in very satisfactory detail, but the cultural background is expounded in a series of articles by undisputed authorities. Nobody whose interest in films in the least exceeds that of a spectator can afford to miss the useful pointers with which this *Year Book* abounds.

Sir Ambrose Heal, F.S.A., who has contributed so much to our understanding of the meticulous craftsmanship of our forefathers, has written a new book, *The Signboards of Old London Shops* (Batsford; £3 3s.). It illuminates, with finality, a neglected but fascinating corner of eighteenth-century urban life and is a model of what a work of social and antiquarian research should be. The examples on these two pages are taken from the wealth of colotype illustrations. J. M.



The Red Lion and Star, a curious, non-functional combination, hung outside the shop of a Fenchurch Street mercer



Blackmoor's Head, a popular subject with many traders, as it appeared to advertise a woman's coat shop in Cornhill



Hand and Glove, a simple but delicately detailed design for a firm of gloves in Fenchurch Street



Hammer and Crown, a Long Acre variant of the "hand and hammer" theme preferred by many of the goldbeaters

life in Paris. Jo, the third, is the one who tells the story—she, after the ordinary experiences of a debutante of the inter-war years, has continued to live at home, but writes, makes her own friends in intellectual circles, and, without any break with her background, more and more creates a life of her own. Her ultimately heart-breaking friendship with Steve Guisely, the young genius painter of working-class origin, is the climax of Jo's life and of the novel.

SUMMARISED thus, *The Admiral's Daughters* may not sound unlike a number of other novels of what I should call the trial-and-error type. But, in fact, the high quality of the book, which places it in a class quite of its own, sides less in the plot—though this is well-told, and has interest—than in the point of view. All stories told in the first person must necessarily be pervaded by the personality of the narrator: his or her judgments we must, for the time, accept—and when these are false, when the emotional atmosphere is cloying, or when there is morbidity, over-much self-analysis or self-dramatisation, the result can be but a dim, inferior book.

In this case, Jo Carr rings true: there is a soundness, dignity and sweetness (in the sense in which air may be sweet) about her which are attractive—and, not least, she has a good head. Therefore, *The Admiral's Daughters* is packed with sense and value. Her comments on her two sisters' lives are as valuable, as comments on life, as they are often witty—the description of the young naval married set in Malta (where Jo visits Anne) is hair-raising; and not less to be enjoyed is the view of the Argentis' tempestuous married and social life in Athens. But most in Jo's own adventures we have epitomised the difficulty of applying an ingrained code to a "free" life lived in changing conditions.

Miss Askwith, through the mouthpiece of Jo Carr, speaks out clearly on a subject which either anger or bashfulness, in our day, surrounds. No, I do not mean sex, I mean class—novels "frank" as to the former are nowadays two-a-penny.

"The trouble" [says Jo in a talk with her sister Anne] "about relationships with other people is that there's always a lot of 'us' and 'them' in them. All the obvious ones, for instance. Sex and age, 'Women always do this . . .', 'Men are like that . . .', 'Old people don't understand . . .', 'The modern generation . . .'. Then, of course, there are the foreigners and the coloured races and the Jews. But class, in England at any rate, is one of the most tricky. It's a purely present-day problem. Fifty years ago everybody's place and grade was clearly marked out. Fifty years hence we shall probably be so equalised in income, so B.B.C.-ed

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



More O'Ferrall — Elveden

Mr. E. Rory More O'Ferrall, youngest son of the late Mr. Dominic More O'Ferrall, and of Mrs. More O'Ferrall, of Kildangan, Co. Kildare, married Viscountess Elveden, widow of Viscount Elveden, and daughter of the late Earl of Listowel and of Freda Countess of Listowel



Howarth — Brabazon

Major Ernest Howarth, M.B.E., of Whittington Hall, Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Howarth, married Lady Meriel Brabazon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Meath, of Kilruddery, Bray, at Christ Church, Bray, Co. Wicklow.



Fraser — Balfour

The marriage took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Major David William Fraser, Grenadier Guards, son of Brigadier the Hon. William and Mrs. Fraser, of Burra, Shetland, and Miss Anne Balfour, youngest daughter of Brigadier E. W. S. and Lady Ruth Balfour, of Balkinnie, Markinch, Fife



McGlashan — Buxton-Knight

Mr. John R. C. McGlashan, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McGlashan, of Buenos Aires, and Selsey, married Miss Dilys Buxton-Knight, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Buxton-Knight, of Cairo, Egypt, and Selsey, at the Parish Church of St. Peter, Selsey Bill, Sussex



Wilson — Inchbald

Major J. T. A. Wilson, K.O.Y.L.I., elder son of Cdr. and Mrs. A. Wilson, of Garth House, Builth Wells, Brecknockshire, married Miss Judy Featherstone Inchbald, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. P. E. Inchbald, of Ranby House, Retford, Notts., at St. Swithun's, Retford

An Inspired Gift

Muse.

NOUVEAU PARFUM DE

Coty

Asprey



Asprey invite you to inspect, at their Bond Street or Cheltenham premises, their Collection of new designs in Gold Gem-set Jewellery. The piece shown here is a large gold flower brooch, set with Rubies and Diamonds. The price is £300.

ASPREY & CO. LTD. 165-168 NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
and 62-64 The Promenade, Cheltenham.

Young Londoners



There is rather a charming Victorian atmosphere about this suit with its short brown tailored jacket trimmed with brown and white check—fitting neatly over a wide check skirt

Personal shoppers only

Price £15.17.10 14 coupons

DICKINS AND JONES
REGENT STREET LONDON W.1



A moss crêpe two-way model which can be worn with the sequin-embroidered middy jacket or, for more formal occasions, without as a sleeveless evening dress. Rosalinde Gilbert from Gorrings

Photographs by Joysmith



FROM SIX TO MIDNIGHT

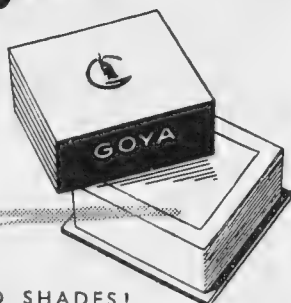
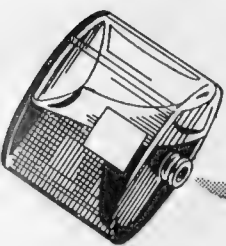


A débutante gown in pale blue moiré with silver-beaded shoulder straps. The dress can be worn with or without the "mitten" sleeves. Rosalinde Gilbert model from Gorrings

Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis

Molho's white fox evening cape—soft, luxurious and becoming to any age. Superbly modelled, with a dipped hemline at the back

*A superb perfume
in a perfect face powder*



SUPERSIFTED!

PERFECTLY BLENDED SHADES!

Goya

IT STAYS ON!

Price 10/9

Travel Size 2/6

61, NEW BOND ST., LONDON. W.1.

*Walk the
personality way*



*Physical
Culture*
A SELBY SHOE



A
JONES
& SONS
BOOTMAKERS LIMITED

Prom
FOR PERSONAL SHOPPERS
ONLY

Exclusive shoemakers since 1857

BEXHILL, BOSCOMBE, BYFLEET, CANTERBURY, CHELTENHAM, COLCHESTER,
DORCHESTER, HOVE, NEWQUAY, RAMSGATE, SOUTHSEA, WEYMOUTH & BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.1

Designed for town wear,
this smart coat is made in
a warm and luxurious face
cloth. Rich colourings are
used. Donkey brown, green,
ruby red, navy blue,
and black. Several sizes.

18 coupons **£20**

Personal shoppers only

Margaret Marks LTD
Knightsbridge
S.W.1



Style in TRAVELLA

This model, with other "Travella" styles, is stocked by the

Marshall & Snelgrove

Country Shops at Manchester, Southport, Scarborough, Leeds, Harrogate, York, Sheffield, Bradford, Birmingham, Leicester and at Williams & Hopkins of Bournemouth.



FROM THE HOUSE OF
SELINCOURT

The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Captain John James Scott and Miss Katherine Mary Bruce, whose engagement was announced last month. He is the son of Mrs. M. E. M. Scott, of 18 Glebe Avenue, Stirling, and of Lt.-Col. J. C. Scott, D.S.O., O.B.E. Miss Bruce is the daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce, of 79 Cadogan Square, S.W.1



Pearl Freeman

Mr. Ernst Selbie and Miss Ann Alexius O'Donovan, who are being married on the 30th of this month. Mr. Selbie is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Schicht, of 9 Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7, and Miss O'Donovan is the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. O'Donovan, of 130 Harley Street, W.1



Captain Oscar Linda and Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, who are engaged to be married. Captain Linda, who is in the Polish Army, is the son of the late Gen. Maximilian Linda and Madame Sophie Linda, of Zakopane, Poland. Lady Isobel is the only daughter of the Countess of Cromartie and Lt.-Col. E. W. Blunt-Mackenzie, of Tarbat House, Kildary, Ross-shire



Elliott & Fry



Basil Shackleton

Mr. Antony Colin Deans Rankin and Miss Daphne Nixon, whose engagement was announced this month. Mr. Rankin is the elder son of Major-General H. C. D. Rankin, C.I.E., O.B.E., and Mrs. Rankin, of Glengarry, Pine Avenue, Camberley, Surrey, and Miss Nixon is the daughter of Lt.-Col. E. J. Nixon, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Nixon, of Chappells House, East Chiltington, Lewes, Sussex

WEAR A



Weatherproof Jacket

WINDAK LTD • WOODSIDE • POYNTON • CHESHIRE

317

*in wind
and rain*



THE LILLYWHITE BOOTEE
affords perfect foot protection
against the elements. Made of brown
willow calf with crepe rubber sole
and heel, leather welted to keep out
the wet. Also in beige calf and
brown suede. 7 coupons. £4.19.9.

Post orders accepted.

Lillywhites
LTD

PICCADILLY CIRCUS TELE: WHITEHALL 3181



THE INTRA CELLULAR MASK

There is no age limit to beauty, for Elizabeth Arden has perfected the remarkable Intra Cellular mask, the newest achievement in electro therapy. It is not a temporary treatment to make you look a miracle of youth for a day, but a scientific treatment that revitalises the blood stream, bringing new vigour to every cell. For women over thirty, for women whose youthful freshness has been dimmed by illness or worry, the Intra Cellular Mask is invaluable. It helps to restore "tone" to the skin, so that the face glows with new life and radiance . . . the rebirth of beauty has begun.

You are invited to call at Miss Arden's Salon for further details, or write for the booklet describing the Intra Cellular Mask

Elizabeth Arden

Telephone Mayfair 8211

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON, W.1

Oliver Steward

ON FLYING

THERE are iron curtains; there are currency curtains; and now there are petrol curtains. For the aeronautically inclined it is tragic to think that the world's finest air-touring ground is now effectively out of their reach.

Consequently I was more than ever grateful to the French Air Ministry, and to the French Air Minister, Monsieur André Maroselli, for an invitation to make a tour of France in a French transport aeroplane with a French crew. In company with five other aviation writers from England I was flown round France in ten days, calling at bases of the Armée de l'Air, at aeroplane and aero-engine factories and at research establishments. Stopping places included Cognac, Bordeaux, Biarritz, Toulouse, Aire sur Adour, Marseilles and Lyons.

The visit was packed with interest; but first of all I must record my admiration and thanks to the French aircraft crew under Capitaine Martinet, and my gratitude for the wonderful hospitality we received everywhere. The French are short of many things; but their conception of their duty as hosts will not allow them to let English visitors go short of anything. Bounteous generosity could have gone no further.

The French Industry

THE weather was very bad for the first stage, from Paris to Cognac; but Capitaine Martinet and our navigator, Lieutenant Antyphon, took us straight up through the clouds, whose base was almost on the ground, and after a flight of about an hour and a half, during which we never saw either ground or sky, brought us down through rain and mist just at the end of the runway.

At Aerazur I saw the new ribbon parachutes for use in high-speed aircraft being made; at Mérignac I visited the 21st Heavy Bomber Wing which was at Elvington, in Yorkshire, during the war. At Aire it was the Fouga works where they are building some unusual prototypes; at Toulouse I saw the big research establishment of O.N.E.R.A., and at Marignane the Sud-Est works. At Marignane, too, we were given a

two-hour flight along the coast to Cannes in the sixty-five-ton S.E.200 flying boat, one of the biggest in the world.

I cannot deal with the details of my visit, for they fill several notebooks; but I can attempt an assessment. And I would say that the French aircraft industry was damaged by the Occupation more than people over here realize. It is trying hard to recover; but France, like England, is short of money and of raw materials and therefore recovery is slow. But I saw everywhere signs that the French designers are as brilliantly inventive as ever and that French workpeople can apply themselves to a task as energetically as ever.

Handlebar Control

ONE little sample of French inventiveness is a single control which has been developed at l'Arsenal by Monsieur de Valroger. It should prove of interest to private and club flyers for it seems to me to solve in a final manner all the problems of simplified control.

It consists in a gearbox on the top of which is mounted a pair of handlebars, like those on motor bicycles. The gears are so arranged that movements of the handlebars so actuate the normal control surfaces as to produce comparable movements of the aircraft. As Monsieur de Valroger explained it to me, the handlebars can be looked on as a small model of the wings of the aeroplane. Move those wings just as you wish the aircraft's wings to move, and the response is the same and in appropriate ratio.

It will be seen that all manoeuvres can be done with this single control, including the most complicated aerobatics. In some of the single-control devices



"She complains of air-sickness"

made in this country and in America the manoeuvres are restricted. Side-slipping, for instance, is not always easy, and crazy flying may be impossible. With the de Valroger control there are no such limitations. A good deal of flying has been done in a Stampe fitted with the de Valroger system.

Kilometre Test Tank

A FINE set of research tools is being made at Toulouse. The French already have various wind tunnels, undercarriage testing gears, chemical and physical laboratories there; but in construction is an enormous new wind tunnel, and what I imagine will be the largest test tank—for flying boat hulls and the like—in the world. It is well over one kilometre in length.

At Marignane I learned that twenty-five of the new S.E.200 four-engined transatlantic air liners are being made for Air France, and I saw five of them in an advanced stage of construction.

There was also a second S.E.200 flying boat under construction; but work on it has been abandoned for lack of money. This is the same as the boat in which I was flown to Cannes and back, the pilot being Monsieur Chautemps.

The S.E.200 is magnificently appointed, with spacious smoking and sitting-rooms and big sleeping compartments. It makes a Sunderland look like a midget.

I shall hope to return to this subject in a future article, but meanwhile a word of thanks must be given to the French officers and officials—especially Monsieur Frugier—who showed the six English visitors round and entertained them so well.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



Beautiful hands can now be paid the compliment of the most exquisite of all nail polishes—Peggy Sage. Now restored to its wonderful jewel-like quality, hard and unchippable. In brilliant, inspired colours.

CLOVER
FIRE WEED
GINGER TEA
REGENCY



PALE
DARK FIRE
VICTORIAN ROSE
HEARTBREAK
VINTAGE

Peggy Sage
FINGER-TIP SPECIALIST

S A L O N S

LONDON: 130 New Bond Street, W.1 (corner of Grosvenor Street) Phone: Mayfair 0396
NEW YORK: 50 East 57th Street PARIS: 7 Place Vendôme

SLIMMA

SLACKS & SKIRTS



WHAT! MUD PACKS?

YOU GIVE ME SLIMMA SLACKS

SLIMMA WEAR LTD. (Wholesale) 25, BRUTON STREET, LONDON, W.1

Twomax

REAL SCOTCH
KNITWEAR



BRUSHED-WOOL CARDIGAN

For colder days this all-wool Cardigan combines comfort and style. Obtainable in the following colours: Pink, Beige, Saxe Blue, Leaf Green, Tan and Raspberry. To fit 36" Bust.

McCLURE & McINTOSH Ltd.
GLASGOW, C.5

Obtainable from all good Stores.
We cannot supply the Public direct



Glenbuie
COATS AND SUITS

Obtainable from

all good shops

Wholesale only: G. E. CORBETT & CO. LTD., 15/16 Margaret Street, London, W.1



I say, old man,
I fancy that girl
smiled at me!

Nonsense! She's only an advertisement for somebody's soap.

Yes, I know, but isn't she
compellingly lovely!

Personality has a lot to do with it,
I'd say.

Personality ☆
☆ TURTLE OIL SOAP

More than a Soap — a Beauty Treatment
2/1 PER TABLET (2 RATIONS)

PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS LTD. ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH



GOR-RAY Registered

skirts
one
better!




the best shops now have
limited supplies of

Valstar
RAINCOATS


VALSTAR LTD · Salford 6 · LANCs
also at 314 Regent Street · London · W.1
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St W1



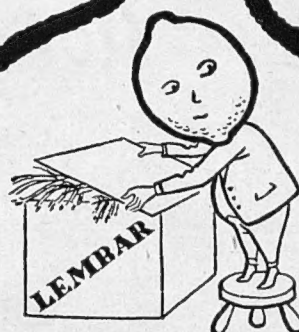
**Jam —
full of
goodness!**

**Robertson's
Jam**



Made by the makers of 'Golden Shred'

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) LTD.
Paisley, Manchester, Bristol, London.



Broaching a tempting subject

To those who are sick with 'flu, biliousness or in febrile conditions—a renewed recommendation to take Lembar: it will do you good. To the rest of the community, who are mainly sick of being patient—a promise of Lembar for general consumption as soon as possible: Meanwhile, please don't broach your bottle until illness entitles you to do so.

**RAYNER'S medicinal
Lembar**

PURE LEMON JUICE, BARLEY
GLUCOSE & CANE SUGAR

Available in limited
quantities

MADE BY RAYNER & COMPANY LTD., LONDON, N.18

PEDLAR BRAND



Liqueur
SLOE GIN

Why not be away from
the town for a few
weeks this winter?

The famous
**ROYAL VICTORIA
HOTEL**


ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA
SUSSEX

only two hours from London, offers
you every comfort and amenity.
Limited accommodation available
from 8 gns. per week.


Hastings 3300 (5 lines)

"The Hotel of the South Coast"

Mr Jolly



Mr Jaded



It's not problems in the office, but poisons in the system that get a man down. Now, look at Mr. Jolly. His eyes are bright, his judgement clear, and as for his energy — well, what does he care if he has got plenty on his plate. He takes Eno in the morning. He's as fit as they make 'em and you can't keep a fit man down. Jolly Mr. Jolly!

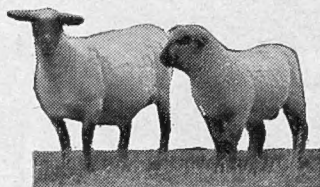
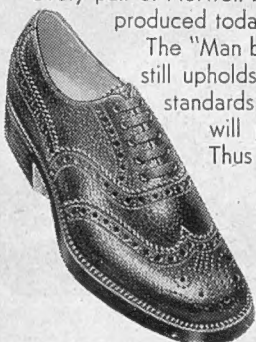
Eno's 'Fruit Salt'
for cheerful livers

2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax included).

Thoroughbreds

The pure strain of thorough craftsmanship is to be found in every pair of Norwell boots and shoes produced today.

The "Man behind the Boot" still upholds the hereditary standards laid down by the founder and no circumstances will permit them to be altered. Thus you are assured of Norwell



Norwell's
PERTH

Quality
Write today to the "Man
behind the Boot"
PERTH FOOTWEAR LTD.
SCOTLAND

TRUST THE MAN



BEHIND THE BOOT

The Best Days . . .



. . . for Rail Travel

There is more room in long distance trains on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Avoid the congested week-end 'peak' periods.

TRAVEL MID-WEEK

GWR · LMS



LNER · SR

AFTER THE CALL "FORE!"



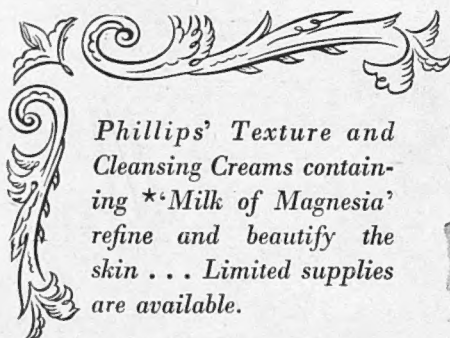
the CALL at the 19th is for

GILBEY'S GIN



This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.
Wine and Spirit Merchants to H.H. the King.

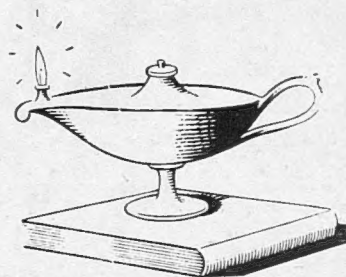


Phillips' Texture and Cleansing Creams containing *Milk of Magnesia* refine and beautify the skin . . . Limited supplies are available.



PHILLIPS' Magnesia CREAMS

Milk of Magnesia is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia



"In the present state of medical knowledge . . ."

The wise doctor of today is no "medicine man": he readily admits that medical science has a lot to learn about nerves and nerve strain. But whatever new discoveries the future may hold, one truth is unassailable: nerves need adequate supplies of organic phosphorus and protein. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' can be found organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination.

'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

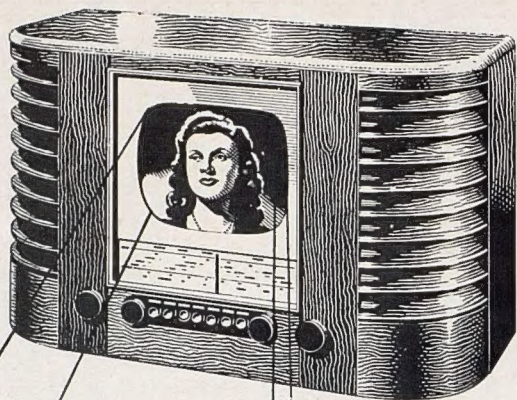
NERVE TONIC

In one size only at present—7/5d.
(including Purchase Tax).

It A 'GENATOSAN' Product.

Pagatelle
MAYFAIR'S LOVELIEST RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON · DINNERS · SUPPERS
DANCING 8 p.m. to 1.30 a.m.
FLOOR SHOW · CABARET 11 p.m.
Edmundo Ros and his Rumba Band
Al Tabor and his Dance Orchestra
DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · MAYFAIR PLACE
BERKELEY ST. W1 · Tel. GRO. 1128/9, 1268, 3268

(Gen. Mngr. F. Ferraro)



BE
THERE
by **G.E.C.**
TELEVISION

COMBINED
TELEVISION
AND
ALL-WAVE
RADIO
RECEIVER

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD · MAGNET HOUSE · KINGSWAY · LONDON, W.C.2

An early HOP GARDEN



Reynolde Scot, author of 'The Perfitte Platforme of a Hoppe Garden,' in 1574 wrote:—"The conetous man that lyeth in wayte to spare his halfepeyne, the sluggard that sleepeth away opportunitie and the ynskylfull that refuseth to learn the right order, may happily rellesse the bitterness of the Hoppe, but shall neuer savour the sweetness thereof"

Excellent precepts, vigorously applied by Whitbread's, who in over two hundred years have spared not the "halfepeyne", nor slept away "opportunitie", nor neglected "to learn the right order" in improving all that pertains to brewing.

Est'd. 1742

WHITBREAD

Brewers of Ale and Stout

This is the Gin



BY APPOINTMENT
GIN DISTILLERS
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.
Tanqueray Gordon & Co., Ltd.

Quality
Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices: Per bottle 25/3; Half-bottle 13/3. U.K. only



Made by **ABDULLA** for those
who prefer the American style of blend